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THOUGHTS ON THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO THE ELEMENT OF NECESSITY
THAT THERE IS IN IT.

THE theme of Divine Providence is continually attracting, and continually presenting itself in new views and illustrations. The reason is, it embraces *everything*,—our whole life here in the world, and our whole state and condition in eternity. And it particularly concerns the *Divine Hand*, as to its every dealing towards us, and everything that happens to us. But we are frequently doubtful and bewildered respecting it. We are led to take natural views when we would take divine views. The unregenerated understanding is continually questioning, at least where there is any tendency to thought beneath the mere surface of things, what this and that thing means, why it should have happened to us, or whether indeed it means *anything* but what has happened in the natural course of events; and if it has any particular or designed connection with our spiritual states, or with our lot in eternity, it is frequently impossible to see it, and it is oftener passed by with utter indifference.

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But not only with the unregenerated, but with those considerably advanced in the true life of the soul, is there still this questioning disposition. It is particularly true with regard to calamitous events, and to troublesome and annoying experience in this life of the world. In fact, with almost every Christian there are moments of scepticism; and scepticism, be it remarked, is not a thing which pertains to faith in God, or to immortality merely; the belief in these two fundamental truths may be most firm, and impossible to be shaken; but at the same time, how God acts, or whether his providence is so different from a certain necessity more or less allied to the faith of the ancients,—what, indeed, the nature of that providence is,—here is room for a scepticism quite at one with an unshaken faith in God, in immortality, and the final well-being of the universe. And there are many religious persons who are sorely tried on these things. The human heart—these poor, sympathetic, and intensely susceptible natures—cannot bear everything; and when its hopes are rudely stricken down, or too long and too painfully deferred, what wonder if it sink, betimes, not only into inconsolable grief, or settled melancholy, but into religious distrust,—into philosophic questionings of the Divine Providence? And when giant evils burst forth in the nature of accidents,—when the evil triumph over the good,—when by merest hap, as it were, the simple and the uncalculating have fortune thrust upon them, and the worthy and sagacious are doomed to disappointment,—when intrigue and cunning carry it over plain-dealing and honesty,—when crimes abound, and the simple are entrapped, and a thousand things are daily occurring, so confusing and bewildering to one who undertakes to give any rational account of them,—when there is so much evident free will on the part of man, and withal so much fatality in human movements and human experience, and so much to lament and grieve over, or else to sink in hopeless apathy and stoical indifference under,—what wonder is it if all thoughts of Providence

momentarily flee the mind, or it has its hours and days of sceptical and tempting distrust? I have even heard an intelligent New Churchman declare, that it sometimes seemed as if there *was* no providence.

Let a man stand, for instance, in the heart of a great city; and only for a few minutes let him cast his eye upon the vast concourse of life and activity going on around him. What stir of human passion and interest! What driving and pursuit of a common object, though variously estimated as to its nature, and power to confer the happiness sought; and what dark crowds of complicated thoughts, of evil desires, of covetous longings and vain ambitions, flit by him in a single hour! And within all the piles of brick and wood that stretch abroad on every side, how much of calculation, and of what character, either for success or disappointment, is going on there! "Merciful heavens!" might not one exclaim, "and is there a *particular providence* in all this? if so, of what kind and nature? Has *God* anything to do with it, and to do with the *whole* of it, and for particular purposes in regard to man's spiritual state, and his lot in eternity?" And by and by a carriage-wheel breaks, and a man is killed; or another falls and injures himself for life; or a destructive fire breaks out and consumes its thousands or hundreds of thousands of property in an hour; or a man was a moment too late to save his wife or child from the flames; or a boat is upset in the harbor, or the lightning strikes some one's dwelling, or some fearful disaster is occurring in another direction;—such is the aspect, confused, uncertain, fatal, criminal, and accidental, which even the every-day life presents for contemplation.

To be sure, there is one way of viewing all this, to save the idea of Providence. And that is, to speak of it generally and not particularly, or to speak of the particulars as included *in* the general; and this, indeed, as far as it goes, is a *true* way of contemplating the mighty scene. There can be no universal providence which does *not* include all the

particulars; but the convinced understanding would like to know how these occurrences *are* providence, or how they are in *any* way connected with the Divine Being who rules and governs with absolute power.

First, then, it can be easily demonstrated how all these occurrences have had their origin, substantially and philosophically speaking, in the one only eternal Divine Essence. For God is a *substance*, and there is but one such original substance, out of which *all* things exist. First the spiritual creations, and then the material creations, have proceeded from the great Divine Sun, which is the first procedure of the Divine Love and Wisdom. And if everything had maintained its *orderly* procedure, we should have had *nothing*, either in material or spiritual experience, contrary to our best ideas of the Divine Providence in everything. But because they have in part proceeded disorderly, does that cut them off from the Divine Source? Most evidently not; except so far as the free will of man comes in to arrest, at certain points, the line of orderly procedure, and turn it into disorderly procedure. It is precisely like the flowing of a river, which might flow in regular and beautiful directness to a certain point, and thence be diverted into irregularity, and even opposite directions. But the *source* is the same, and the essence and substance are the same: in like manner, all events of the spiritual and material universe. Their first cause, without regard either to good or evil, is *substantially* in God: for there is but one original and eternal substance. Thus, then, we are able with the utmost clearness to put our finger upon the point of connection between God and all occurrences in the natural and spiritual universe. Because man has perverted the line of procedure, it does not, we say, cut off the connection; and we can plainly begin to perceive how, this being the case, a providence can be instituted over everything that exists. The Divine has a *hold* upon everything; being in the inmost, invariably, even where the utmost perversion and confusion reign in the exterior.

This is well illustrated by a passage from Swedenborg's Diary. There was a multitude of spirits around him whose influx was inordinate and tumultuous, there being nothing of unity among them, but each at variance with his fellow, so that the whole threatened destruction. "But in the midst of these spirits," he says, "I perceived and heard a gentle sound, thus angelic and sweet, wherein was nothing but what bespoke order: those from whom it proceeded were within, while the disorderly spirits were without. This angelic flowing [as it were] continued for a time; it was often repeated, and it was told me that the Lord governs, in this manner, all those things which are discomposed or disorderly, and inordinate, &c., which are circumfluent or exist around. For the Lord acts from a pacific principle, thus peacefully, wherefore the things which exist without, or in the circumference, are necessarily reduced to order; each thing [is reduced] according to the error of its acquired nature; consequently the human race and their external principles, which are their fantasies, by which at the present day their actions and their conversation are governed. As I was thinking about this subject, I compared the disorderly states of the [said] multitude of spirits to a tempest in the air, and to the stormy clouds, and the dust flying at that time through the atmosphere, all of which are then out of their equilibrium; but in the mean time the purer atmosphere, or ether, remains in a tranquil state, and, acting by its latent and silent power of equilibrium, is continually operating upon the turbulent state of the atmosphere, until it reduces it into equilibrium and rest. A similar state also exists in a man, when his external emotions disturb him, and yet his internal states are pacific. The case is analogous in very many instances." (S. D. 1175, 1176 $\frac{1}{2}$.) So also, we say, of the whole confusion and disorder of the outward world. A Divine Providence can be instituted over it, because the Divine is in the inmost of the whole of it, since it has all pro-

ceeded from the Divine, and it can be done in the above-mentioned way.

But now, in the second place, it must be observed, that all that exists in exteriors, in the natural universe or in human society, whether orderly or disorderly, has not only had its *origin* substantially in God, but is in fact an *ultimate* of the Divine Essence, either in true order or in perversion. Thus all that we see, in the confusion that reigns around us, whether criminal or accidental,—the whole drive and stir of the city, and the busy movement of the whole world,—is but an ultimate existence, substantially connected all the way, of the great Divine Interior Cause. And every man, when he walks the streets, or contemplates the subject at all, ought to feel it so. He may then be delivered from one great cause of scepticism. He sees the confusion; that is only a *perverted* ultimate. He sees crime, and villany, and hazardness through all human operations; frightful accidents occurring at every hand, and distressing casualties, and a reign, as it were, of human free-will and mystical fatality, the least like providence that possibly can be imagined; let him know that the Divine *must* be in the whole of it, and controlling the whole of it, because there is, in the first place, but one original Divine Substance, and not two, and it is that alone which is here ultimated into externals, either in true order or in perversion. It is not, in the language of the New Church, “continuous” from the Divine, but “discreetly” from the Divine, and that is continuous in one sense. All the substance is from God. And although the evil originates with man, yet he could not have originated even the evil, had there not been a Divine Essence for him to pervert. It was not, substantially, self-created by man; it was only perverted by man.

But now, in the third place, be it observed, that although there can thus be, and is thus, a providence in everything, because a substantial connection of everything with the Divine, yet there is a certain necessity, even in the Divine

Providence. This point is very essential to be understood. It is familiar truth enough that the Divine Being cannot work contradictions, cannot go contrary to his own laws, thus to his own nature, and hence cannot proceed in any way contrary to the free-will of man; but there is a still further consideration which it may be profitable to indulge in, concerning the real necessity which exists in the Divine Will and Providence, which is the correspondent, and in fact the cause, of all the necessity which exists in Nature. By a faithful consideration of this point, we shall come to see, most truly, the very nature of the Divine Providence, and have the antidote, at least for all the *philosophical* scepticism which may at any time in secret afflict the mind. Be it observed, that although we speak of the Divine Will, and of human will, yet there is in the very nature of will itself a certain necessity. It is not *blind*, *fate-like* necessity, but, when applied to the Divine, it is the necessity of operating according to the most perfect Love and Wisdom in everything. Love and Wisdom, for example, *could* not feel hatred, or act foolishly. Its very nature requires that it should *necessarily* act with the most perfect goodness and accuracy. It must, then, to a hair, control and work out the destinies of men, in all particulars, for time and eternity. I speak of the *necessity* of the Divine Love and Wisdom, because it is so essential to the doing away of that secret and momentary scepticism which results, perhaps, as often from an unphilosophical view of the whole matter, as from any *evils* with which the understanding may be blinded. The truth is, we are frequently expecting *too much* of the Divine Providence; we look to it for impossibilities; for things which are as inevitably excluded from the sphere of the Divine action, as certain imaginary results are excluded from the operations of the laws of nature. The Divine Necessity will not allow of them, any more than the natural necessity. In fact, the one is included and involved in the other. And yet, because of a *necessity* in the Divine Nature and action, that is no reason

for any heart-failings, or cheerless and inconsolable conclusions concerning the Divine Providence. This point may be illustrated by appealing to the very fixedness and necessity of Nature. Take the Pantheist's creed, or the Atheist's, and suppose there was nothing in existence but Nature, — no God, and no intelligent and loving controller of human destinies. And yet things operate with a most wonderful exactness; Nature is ever true, ever the same, and her laws and forces are such as may be calculated on with the most unfailing precision. In fact, even the sheer naturalist may say with entire truth, that everything is for the best, and the best possibly that can be. Why? Because they can be no otherwise, — because of this very necessity that we are speaking of. How wonderful and good is Great Nature! How well-adapted, how exact! Who would alter it, or change it in one of its least particulars?

Here, then, even upon this low plane, is a ground for trust, — trust in an infinitude, as it were, of blind, unconscious, but systematic laws.

But now, behold the more wonderful and beautiful truth still. The truth is, this outward or material nature is but a correspondent and outbirth of the interior and divine nature. And the necessity which reigns in one is but the effect of the necessity that exists in the other. But as much as Love and Wisdom are higher than mere laws and forces of matter, so is the trust higher, and every sentiment and feeling of the heart higher, for the simple reason that *now* there is recognized, discretely existing interior to Nature, yet substantially connected with it, an Intelligence, — a Love and Wisdom, — a conscious Mind like our own, only infinite and perfect! And if *Nature* is exact, to a particular and to a hair, how much more must the *God* of Nature exercise a providence thus wonderfully particular! The Providence is *necessary*, and for that reason is to be believed in. Instead of being any reason for cheerlessness and discomfort, it is the reverse, if we will only view it aright. It is the *not* recognizing this

element of necessity in the Divine Will, and the looking for things impossible to be performed, because not within the sphere of the Divine Power, that causes the depression and gloom which are sometimes felt. It is a scepticism which comes from an unenlightened understanding, as frequently, perhaps, as from the evils of the heart. Only recognize the *mentality* of the Divine Being, his Love and Wisdom, in distinction from mere natural forces, and we may be in no doubt or gloom about the particularity of the Divine Providence; it *must* be particular, as Nature is particular; universal, as Nature is universal; necessary, as Nature is necessary. Only, it is a Divine necessity, instead of a mere natural necessity. It is Love and Wisdom instead of Gravitation, Chemical Affinity, &c. But the latter, be it particularly observed, is but an effect, correspondent, and representative of the former. All attractions, affinities, and forces, of whatever kind, exist originally in the Divine Spirit, and thence in the ultimates of material nature. And when we speak of gravitation, chemical affinity, &c. in material nature, we must remember that there is a like and corresponding necessity in the Divine Will.

It is not, of course, meant to be understood that the Divine necessity is such as that it must rush right on, regardless of the varying states of man, and without calling into requisition those higher laws which, for particular purposes, are sometimes brought to bear upon the lower, overcoming them for the time being and in the particular locality, and thus producing effects which the ordinary flow of nature is incapable of producing. For we have abundance of evidence that such is *not* the divine method of working. There are many wonderful providences which have occurred, and are still occurring, where the evidence is all-sufficient, that a high angelic agency, directed of course by the Divine, has intervened, to accomplish in mystery what the ordinary operation of nature could not accomplish. Even the spiritual phenomena of the present day are sufficient to prove

a power over matter itself, to cause it to move in opposition to gravitation, and every other known law of nature. And the miracles of the Lord are *certainly* sufficient to show that no such necessity as the Pantheist would imagine, be he ever so spiritual, can possibly exist with the Divine Being.

There is a passage in Swedenborg which speaks to the point now under consideration. "While I was discoursing," says he, "with the angels, concerning the Divine Providence of the Lord, there were spirits also present, who impressed on themselves some idea concerning fate, or absolute necessity: they supposed that the Lord acted from that necessity, because He cannot otherwise proceed than according to things most essential, thus according to those things which are of the most perfect order. But it was shown then that man has freedom, and that if he has freedom, it is not from necessity: this was illustrated from the case of houses which are to be built, in that the bricks, the mortar, the sand, the stones serving for pedestals and pillars, also the timbers and beams, and several things of the like nature, are brought together not in that order in which the house is to be constructed, but according to pleasure, and that the Lord alone knows what sort of a house may thence be built; all those things, which are from the Lord, are most essential, but they do not follow in order from necessity, but in application to the freedom of man." (A. C. 6487.)

This, then, is the great truth in the operation of the Divine Providence:—events are *in application to the freedom of man*. Of course, then, his varying states are consulted, and every possible emergency into which he may come. And to accommodate Himself to *some* of these emergencies, there are absolutely higher laws, and higher personal agencies put into requisition, than the ordinary regular course of nature can possibly comprehend. But still, with *all* these various states and emergencies, and with the most intricate and interwoven operation of providential laws and

powers which it is possible to imagine, there is still a certain necessity which is perfectly consistent with all the freedom that man has. Who has not felt it, and secretly acknowledged it? In the passage above quoted, I understand Swedenborg to teach that there is no *fate-like* or pantheistic necessity; but I do not understand him to teach that there is no kind of necessity whatever; nay, I understand from all his works, that there is an *inevitable* necessity which is essential to the Divine Order, and to the very being and nature of God himself. How often does it escape him when treating of the Divine Omnipotence, and other kindred subjects. "These and similar things are contrary to His *essence*, and what is contrary to this is contrary to Himself." (T. C. R. 56.) In short, the subject may be considered in this light. First, God could not prevent his own existence. He had no choice in it, He exists *necessarily*, from eternity. Second, He could not prevent or alter his own nature. He had no choice in it, He is *necessarily* infinitely good and wise. Now then, all the *laws* which grow out of such a necessary existence and nature must be as necessary, and in their operations as inevitable, as fate. But the results are different from mere fate, in that they are not the results of blindness and non-intelligence, and are in application to the freedom of man. And what is the freedom of man? The whole drift of Swedenborg's writings shows that man is not *absolutely* and *entirely* free, but has only that full *practical* freedom,—that "*as of himself*," which secures to him the full enjoyment of his own love, and the absolute *choice* of his own destiny. And this is enough. The subject need not be perplexed with any further considerations. Who, I say, has not felt and secretly acknowledged a certain necessity in the Divine operations? It is seen to exist from the principle of Order. A man *cannot* be all head, or all feet. So cannot heaven be all sameness, or all one degree, but there must be first, second, and third, and innumerable varieties within each of these. And is

not this necessity which we speak of seen also in one condition of the eternal destiny, which makes it essential that we choose *here*, in the world of nature, whether we will abide in heaven or hell? for that here, in this first state of existence, is the outer plane in the mind formed, either for good or evil, and as it is formed here, so it is fixed, for we cannot, after death, come back here into nature, to unform, or to live this life over again. And who does not know that, by the long accumulations of hereditary evil, some men are born into this world in such a condition that it is *impossible* for them to attain so fully and speedily to the regenerate life as some others? And yet for no fault on their part, but by a necessity involved in those laws of order, by which is the transmission of so much evil. And so of many other things.

Now, then, in regard to these *varying states* of man, to which the Divine Providence is adapted in application to the *freedom* which we enjoy, it must be observed that, if the Providence seems to vary, and to bring in higher laws and manifold personal agencies from the angelic heavens, so as to make the event appear, many times, almost miraculous, still it does *not* vary as we too often are apt to consider it. It varies to *our experience*, but not in the everlasting, pre-determined method. The great eternal movement proceeds straight on, for from eternity it was seen what states were to be embraced in the Divine plan, and from eternity all these variations were included. Could the Divine Being, then, act otherwise than by a certain necessity which is *consistent* with the freedom of man? To be sure, it is affecting to the human heart to be told that an angel of the Lord comes at the precise moment when needed, to minister to human wants, and to pour his tender influx into the soul then drooped with suffering; but it is also gratifying to the understanding to recognize the *law* of this angelic ministration,—how that the angel comes by an impulse or affinity in his own nature which he cannot away

with, — that there is a sympathy which urges him on, — that he comes, in short, as a man *loves*, because he cannot help it. To be sure, it may be said that he *wills* to come, — that he is not compelled, as unconscious matter; but still, if he is a good angel, that goodness cannot do evil, and it must necessarily compel itself to the work of sympathy it engages in. In short, as a stone falls to the ground, by the law of material attraction of earth to earth, so an angel comes to suffering humanity by the law of spiritual attraction of soul to soul. The one is a perfect correspondent of the other. It illustrates it completely.

Indeed, this is the very comparison and illustration which Swedenborg has employed, to set forth the whole matter of free agency. In the True Christian Religion, in the chapter on Free Agency, article 499, we find that he states what amounts in fact to this proposition; — that stones and animals have as much free agency *in proportion to their nature*, as man has in proportion to his. “Unless,” says he, “there were some free agency in *all created things, both animate and inanimate*, there could not have been any creation. For without free agency in natural things, as to beasts, there would not be any power of choosing food conducive to their nourishment, nor any power of procreating and preserving their offspring, thus no beast. If the fishes of the sea, and the shell-fish at its bottom, had not such freedom, there would be no fish or shell-fish. If there were not something analogous to free agency in every metal, and in every stone, precious and common, there would not be a metal nor a stone, yea, not even a particle of sand; for this freely imbibes the ether, exhales its native properties, rejects what is obsolete, and renews itself with fresh substances. Since, therefore, *freedom has been given to all created subjects, to each according to its nature*, why not free agency to man, according to his nature, which is, that he may be spiritual?” To be sure, — and of the same kind too, varying only in the *proportion of his nature*,

which is immense. In short, free agency in man is nothing but a conscious, willing *affinity*, exerted according to reason; in the stone it is unconscious, unwilling, and irrational. Yet it may be said, perhaps, that the *Divine* has some sort of consciousness, even in stones; and how much different is this from the "as of himself" in man? What a piece of connection is all Nature!

And now, from this clear view of what the Divine Necessity really is, which is grounded in Order, and in all respects connected with the proper freedom of man, let us return to the seeming and remaining difficulties of our subject. We may now see, more and more clearly, that when confusion reigns, and suffering abounds, and frightful crimes and fearful accidents occur in the ultimates of natural existence, that this is but the *perversion* of that inmost and Divine Essence, which, instead of flowing orderly, has been arrested by the free will of man, and made to flow disorderly through the natural world. When accidents occur which are not directly connected with the free will of man, such as the lightning's stroke, the sweep of a tornado, or the fall of a building, we must remember that even external nature has fallen into disarrangement by the disorder which first occurred in the spirits of men. And had there never been any sin on the part of man, the elements of physical nature would have ever maintained their calmness, and a perpetual Paradise blessed the earth. But after spiritual or human nature itself had fallen into discord, here in the world of nature, and the spiritual world beyond had become peopled with all manner of evil and falsity, then the influx flowed back upon us, sweeping boisterously through the souls of a maddened world, and outward nature, by sympathy and correspondence, took on violence and disorder. Hence the cause of many accidents, which, though not directly, can indirectly be traced to the free will of man.

And when other accidents occur, which are more evidently the result of carelessness, imprudences, and evils on the

part of man, these also are largely ministered to from the world of spirits. There cannot, in short, be an evil and disorderly sphere prevailing in this world, which is not connected with a like sphere in the world of spirits. "Evil spirits also," says Swedenborg, "by their arts, have the skill to produce a sphere from which are unfortunate circumstances."—"The inmost and interior heaven, as mediums or mediations, arrange and administer the things which are foreseen and provided by the Lord as salutary to the human race; which things, when they come to men who trust in themselves, and indulge in the loves of self and the world, are immediately changed into evils, and also into accidents." (A. C. 6493. S. D. 224.) When it is reflected that the things thus arranged in the heavens take the form of absolute substances, with a perceptible sphere flowing out and around them, and that when this sphere comes in contact with the evil earth-sphere of self-love and love of the world, there is an absolute concussion or breakage, in many points, not unlike the meeting of two opposite currents of electricity, the philosophy of such accidents will be more apparent to the natural mind.

Thus, whatever be the confusion, whether pertaining to spiritual or material nature, whether criminal or accidental, we see how it is all connected, in the natural and spiritual worlds, with that first Divine Essence from which all things exist. It is but an ultimate, either in order or disorder, of the first Source and Substance of things, and thus it is that there is a *Providence*, direct or indirect, in everything that happens. If not by direct design, then by permission, by leave, by good pleasure, or by admission; and still, all these terms imply a certain necessity, even in the Divine Will. These events *must* happen according to the laws and nature of the Divine Being and the relations He has established with man; and these are as truly forces, attractions, repulsions, and the like, as are the movements in material nature which we designate by these terms. The latter, in fact, are but

an effect, correspondent, and outbirth of the former. In short, they are Divine necessities instead of natural necessities; will necessities instead of law necessities. And will itself, in the last analysis, will come to be found a sort of necessary rectitude in the Divine Being; for it is *most* certain that He cannot do evil, and the will of man only is capable of perversion.

I am particular to establish this truth, and to bring out this idea of the Divine Necessity thus clearly and prominently, because it is essential to the clearing away of much confusion, and the rooting out of a secret scepticism in the minds of many. It is not at all to do away with the *voluntary* power on the part of God, and reduce all existence to mere law, (how can this be with the personality of the Divinity so amply recognized in the Lord Jesus Christ?) but it is only to show that the Divine Will has its *own* laws, and cannot act without a necessary established order. It must regard the freedom of man, and, however complicate the intervolutions, and higher laws and agencies which are brought in from time to time, to act more specially and wonderfully on his changing states and conditions, the whole Providence must flow by a Divine and necessary movement. As before said, if man's states vary by the veering of his free will from point to point, from eternity all those states were included in the Divine plan, and every single variation.

This gives occasion to say that there are no *special* providences, only in the sense that some things are more manifest to us, as to the wonderful divine means which have been used to bring them about. They are special to *us*, not to God; special as being more important, or wrought out by higher and more spiritual agencies, and thus being more manifestly providential to our perception; but not at all special as departures from universal order, or that necessity by which the Divine works *always, invariably, all in all*. Divine Providence is indeed *particular*, even to smallest

things, but one thing is no more *special* than another. It cannot be, because God is all in all.

Now, then, when we look abroad upon this vast scene of earthly confusion, — its crimes, its villainies, its terrible strife, its fearful accidents, its apparent misrule, — we can, without abating one jot from the real Divine Will in the case, see how, *philosophically*, there is a *necessary* Providence in everything. If we do not hold on to this element of necessity, thus *rightly* and *divinely* considered, we cannot solve the problem. We cannot explain human society. We cannot account for the terrible confusion which reigns around. We cannot account for those states of mind when it seems as if there was *no* providence. Oh! how many fatal things there are that grate upon the reason and the heart, which are only eternal necessities growing out of Divine Order which we cannot comprehend, and that order perverted by man. Even as hell itself, in its eternal continuance, and rational nature as set forth by the New Church, is only made palatable to human reason by a certain *necessity* which there is for it, (not Calvinistic necessity, or that which is made so by a divine decree, yet still a philosophical necessity,) so this vast scene of human turmoil and confusion. Can it be Providence? says one, this amazing complication of city life, — the whirl, and drive, and iniquity, and haphazard of all this world? Yes, we answer, *necessary* Providence. From out the one eternal substance, the world and all our houses and thoroughfares of business came; and in the most superficial view that meets the eye, whether of crime, or accident, or vanity, or passing folly, we recognize the ultimates of that existence which first commenced in the Eternal Cause, and which man has really nothing to do with only so far as he turns it into evil, and in which the Divine Being necessarily dwells, controlling and regulating every particle of it. And furthermore, as the Divinity is necessarily eternal, and necessarily infinite, as well as good and wise, so it is absolute and necessary truth that each one of the incidents, though

trifling in itself, is connected with infinity and eternity,—that the chain and complication of events extends through the soul's eternal experience,—that nothing *can* happen which does not more or less affect the spirit of man, and that the most trivial thing may be, as it is sometimes *seen* to be, the necessary link in a chain of events which reaches to the most momentous results, involving many individuals in its providential occurrence. And thus, in the language of the Scriptures, that "the very hairs of our head are all numbered," and in the language of the New Church, that "the Divine Providence, in all that it does, regards the infinite and eternal, especially in man's salvation."

I cannot leave this subject without illustrating still further what I mean, by one or two familiar occurrences. The prominent idea is, the *necessity* of the Divine Providence in everything. Not, I say, the necessity of blind fate, or involuntary power; it is this which the Seer of the New Church so well illustrates cannot be; but the necessity of the Divine Will. What, now, for instance, could look more like fatal necessity, and mere *natural* necessity, than the fall of a piece of a rock from an overhanging cliff, particularly when it hurt no one, killed no one, and, so far as could be seen, accomplished nothing but the casting of a few more ounces of rock to the ground? And yet look at it in another connection. Passing, for example, under the great sheet of water at Niagara Falls, the projecting rock above looks threatening and fearful. I was told by my guide, that, as often as once in *two or three weeks*, pieces of a size large enough to injure or kill a person fell from the projecting cliff above. But no one was ever known to get hurt in this way. After escaping in safety, and looking up to the danger I had been in,— "It is the merest luck," said I. "Providence," said my guide. And I could but discern Providence in his quick and apt reply to me. Yes, I consented to the simple African's use of the better term. But why Providence? Could anything be more natural than the trickling water slowly loosening the

fragments of rock, and the influence of the seasons gradually wearing it away, as it fell in pieces from time to time? But then, the spirit of a man might be impressed *not to go there* at a time of danger; and this would be providence from the interior: or without this supposition, it must be remembered that every law and circumstance of nature connected with the falling of every piece of that rock, had its origin in the Divine Mind or Essence; and the event was, in fact, when so happening in nature, but an *ultimate* of the Divine Substantial Essence so existing! A discreted ultimate. Thus, again, we perceive how theology and philosophy meet and embrace each other. Or in the words of Swedenborg, — such “apparent accident or fortune is *Providence in the ultimate of order*, where all things are respectively inconstant.” Nothing is more apparent than that the great mistake of the natural mind, in any such contemplation, is to stop in “second causes,” as they are called; whereas it is plain that the chain *must* be continuous from all of nature back to all the Divine, and thence there is providence in all things. This is the *religious* view; but it is philosophical and necessary, even as nature is so; the one as much as the other.

Take now another instance. Passing along the same grounds, one comes incidentally to a part of the road where is a sign with this affecting inscription: —

“*This is the place where Martha W. Rugg lost her life by falling over the precipice, one hundred and sixty-seven feet, while reaching out to pluck a flower.*”

Merciful heavens! what a *providence* is *this*! says one. Was there anything but a fatal and dire *necessity* that could have combined all these particulars? Would not any other death have answered? And was it necessary that she should fall just 167 feet? Would not 160 have answered? And must it be, too, while plucking a flower? I mention these particulars, not in the spirit of any vain and irreverent curiosity, but for the elucidation of an important principle. And

that principle is, that there *must* be, to account for the strange and confused occurrences of this world, some absolute and mathematical necessity, — some *natural* side, so to speak, even in the Divine Being himself, which is the perfect correspondent, and also the cause, of the necessity which exists in nature. Rather, let me say, the side of exact and necessary Divine *order*, which operates *inevitably* harmonious when unperturbed, and *inevitably* discordant when perturbed, and which, as it reaches out into nature and into the works of men, weaves a myriad tissues of interconvoluted spheres and substances, and which, from its very infinity, becomes confusion and perplexity to us. But the *details* are only confused; the principles are all clear. Let it be said, for instance, that this latter accident had its secret cause in the spiritual world, — that something there and then transpired correspondent to it, — and that this was the ultimatum of it in the world of nature. But this is only removing the cause further back; it still remains disorderly; and the little particulars in it, — the number of feet down which the person was precipitated, — the plucking of the flower, — oh! what can it all be but one of those mysteries which defy all human speculation, and yet which *must* have been, — seen, known, provided for from eternity, — and involved in such necessities as could not have been foregone or dispensed with? And yet, let us not be deceived. Seen from the interior, it was a dispensation for the soul's best and eternal good; and far from being, in any of its particulars, a merely natural event, it was, in fact, a spiritual and divine permission, flowing out of certain unchangeable principles in the Divine Nature. And in the whole of such Providence, of which this is only one instance of many similar, it should be remembered that the *necessity* that there is in it, bating always the evil caused by man, is a purely *Divine* and *Perfect* necessity, — a *Love* and *Wisdom* necessity, — an infinite *Will* necessity; by which things *must* be done in the best possible manner, though confused to us. Now, that is the very kind of ne-

cessity or Providence which we ought to believe in, and which is most favorable to perfect trust. It is a kind which, if our will is as good as our understanding, we *must* trust in, for it is the most barefaced folly not to.

Be it particularly understood, in conclusion, that as to the *evil* and the *confusion* of all these occurrences, there is no purely Divine necessity for them. All that is disorderly results from evil; and *evil* with man is not a *divine* necessity, although there is a certain necessity even for the evil. It was not necessary for God to have it in his dominions, only as the result of man's free choice. The clear truth, I think, may be stated in this series. It was necessary to have man *free*. That was a purely *divine* necessity: because without freedom there could be no virtue, — no real good, — and hence no highest happiness. In order, therefore, to man's perfect freedom, he must be as free to choose evil as good; for his very choice of good is necessarily connected with his rejection of evil. If there had been no possibility of anything but good, then there could be nothing to choose between but different degrees of good. And this was not sufficient for man's virtue, — man's deliberate and full *choice* of good as the most free and glorious creature. So there must be a possibility of evil. And when man chose that, (not to go here into the precise manner of its origin and very first starting,) then *he* only produced it. There was no divine necessity for it, but only the necessity on the part of God to have man free. This, however, God saw, would certainly eventuate in evil. It was a necessity which He could not avoid. If that makes it a divine necessity, then be it so; but it does not, strictly speaking; it was only a necessary consequence, on the part of man, of the abuse of a divinely necessary law. Man *need* not, from anything in God, have chosen the evil. Man should have avoided it. But having chosen it, as it was foreseen he would, it will be overruled for good, notwithstanding the myriad occurrences of an evil, disorderly, and afflictive nature must continue to flow, and

the laws established in nature must cut right through, many times without apparent mercy, with the exception of occasional interventions of higher laws and higher personal agencies, as so many bitter necessities, making sad the heart of man.

And now, after all the illustration, there is no need of any further prolongation. The plain truth is, we have got to take more philosophical views. We have got to cease expecting impossibilities from God. We have got to view the Divine Being as much limited in his operations by the laws of his own nature; as Nature is limited by the laws which He has impressed upon it. Or, we have got to study more fully into what the Divine Wisdom is, which is the rule and limit of his infinite Love.

And still, all the Divine Personality, and paternity, and tender concern, remain. The very hairs of our head are all numbered by our Heavenly Father; and when this is made to have reference to our spiritual states, — the least and most ultimate of them being provided and arranged by Him who is thus infinite, and all with reference to our coming eternity; moreover, when we reflect that He who is thus infinite and incomprehensible on the mere plane of nature, is brought out and manifested to us in all his Personality in the Lord Jesus Christ; and that it is *such* a Being who has planned and included all our experience and our destiny, — how much reason have we to acquiesce in the darkest and most seeming confusion, the most bitter experience, and the most tremendous evils! Be sure, be very sure, it is done with infinite exactness and with infinite love, — necessarily so; and the conclusion of the whole matter is, — Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without his notice.

W. M. F.

Boston, Mass.

THE PRESENCE.

I FEEL the presence of an unseen Power pervading
The splendors of the spheres ;
In all things high and low his course pursuing
Untired by length of years.

I see Him when the storm-tost ship is drifting
Beyond the distant hill ;
And when the flowers, kissed by the winds, are bending
Above the shadowy rill ; —

When the white snow-flake, child of frost, is lying
Upon the winter earth ;
When in the Spring the powers of life are gathering
To the mystic Nature-birth ; —

When the young child in faith is softly sleeping
Upon the mother's breast ;
When the old man with fearful tread is hastening
Unto the churchyard's rest.

I hear Him when the low, soft wind of evening
Sings of the summer's day ;
And when the storm its psalm of strength is hymning,
The Titan's roundelay ; —

In the low tones of maiden first repeating
That ancient lay of love ;
In the sad strains of sea-tost manhood, praying
For the peace-branch and the dove.

I feel Him as I watch the sea's stretch pointing
To his infinity ;
When, in the voiceless autumn forest standing,
Its sadness toucheth me.

I ask for Him where'er the sunshine falling
Makes glad with crown of light ;
And when the darkness on the Human resting
Drives out its day with night.

O Sender of the Christ for ever pitying,
 All life demandeth thee;
 So in the forum of the world contending
 To conquer and be free!

N. H. C.

 THOMAS STOTHARD.

THE highest genius rarely appears on earth. Such men as Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, Michael Angelo, Luther, Shakespeare, whose names belong to the whole civilized world, and whose memory to many ages, come but seldom; as there are but few lofty mountains whose summits are clothed in perpetual snow. But as in every town we find grand and beautiful hills, which give majesty and beauty to the surrounding country, and from whose sides flow streams of blessing to the plains and valleys below, so the world is very rich in great men,—truly great, though not the greatest. These are men who, in their own department, have made a mark on their age, and who have influenced and moulded the lives of men about them; as we see every little hillock in the same region take the form of Ascutney or Monadnoc. The lives of such men are often more full of varied interest than those of the greatest geniuses, and yet they are commonly known only to those of their own profession or their own time and neighborhood. We propose to give a few sketches of such men in one department of life,—that of the fine arts; selecting them at random from different ages and countries, according as their lives or their works afford us subjects of interesting contemplation. They will be men with whose names every artist is familiar, but of whom many highly educated persons might not be ashamed to ask, Who was he,—and for what is he famous?

Our first paper will be devoted to a few remarks on the Life and Works of Thomas Stothard.

Very few readers can have failed to see and enjoy many of the works of this artist, although perhaps without knowing to whom they are indebted for so much delight. He illustrated so many popular works, and the exquisite grace and beauty of his pictures won such extensive favor for them, that it has been said there is no place in the civilized world where engravings from his pictures may not be found. His pictures of the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the Procession of the Flitch of Bacon, are very widely celebrated, and the exquisite groups which illustrate Rogers's *Italy* and other poems are from his pencil.

He was born in London, August 17, 1755. His father was an innkeeper by profession, but of gentle blood,—a matter of great importance among our Transatlantic relatives. The young Thomas, being a delicate child, was kept in the country during a large part of the time, and so acquired an early familiarity with nature, which helped to form his taste and store his mind for his future work. He lived for some time with an old widow lady at Acomb near York, who is supposed to have served him afterwards as a model for the picture of the old schoolmistress from Shenstone. When he was a very good boy, she would offer him a choice of rewards, namely, to have a little fellow of his own age come to play with him, or to go into an old store-room. He usually chose the latter, and for this characteristic reason, that there was an old picture there which had charmed his youthful fancy. A little later the old lady received a present of some engravings, which filled him with delight. He set himself to copy them, and at eight years of age he sketched with some skill, and could perceive that his hand was gaining in power and freedom. His great facility with his pencil in after years, and his abundant fancy, may perhaps have been in great measure owing to this early and constant practice. His father died at the age of fifteen, and his mother, perceiving his extraordinary talent for design, and wishing to make it available for his future support, apprenticed him to a draughts-

man for brocaded silks. These silks soon after went out of fashion, and the demand for new designs was consequently so small, that young Stothard had much of his time to himself, and employed it very wisely in drawing, and in studies connected with it. He would take a volume of Homer or Spenser and read till his imagination became kindled by his author, and then sketch the scenes which presented themselves to his mind. A few of these sketches were accidentally seen by the editor of the Novelists' Magazine, who at once employed him to make designs for his publications. This determined Stothard's future life. From this time until the pencil dropped from his hand, palsied by age, he was constantly engaged, either on paintings of historical and ideal subjects, or in designs for publishers or for silver plate. It is estimated that he was the author of more than ten thousand original designs. This indicates astonishing industry in labor, as well as fertility of invention, even when we take into account his long life. He married early the object of his first devoted and constant affection. A rapidly increasing family of children obliged him to labor constantly for their support, and consequently to accept commissions which he would otherwise have considered beneath his powers. Five of his eleven children died in infancy. For a long period his private life offers little of interest to the biographer, and we may therefore more fitly consider briefly the beautiful works which he produced during this period. It has never been our good fortune to see any original painting by his hand, and our original criticisms must therefore be confined to the engravings from his designs. The greater part of his pictures belong to private individuals, and are not accessible to travellers. This is a great evil in the secluded aristocratic life of England. A young and modest traveller finds it very difficult to obtain a sight of many of those works of genius of which he has dreamed for years. Many of his pictures have been very finely engraved, however, by Heath, Clennell, Bartolossi, Cromek, and other distinguished engravers. The British

Museum contains about four thousand engravings after his designs. He is most celebrated for his illustrations of various popular books, — such as Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Don Quixote, The Children in the Wood, and those from Chaucer. His designs are always characterized by exquisite beauty and grace. The composition is varied, but harmonious, and every accessory is in keeping, and contributes to the pleasing effect. The grand, the terrible, is not sought after. He loves to charm by beauty, and to win the soul to goodness, rather than overawe it by power. There is abundant life and action in his works, and many of them abound in gentle and loving humor. His two famous designs, from Chaucer, of the Canterbury Pilgrims, and the Procession of the Flitch of Bacon, are so well known, that they will rise up to every one's mind in illustration of our remarks. It was esteemed a very difficult thing to arrange a procession of persons on horseback so as to present the idea of progress, and yet to produce a picturesque effect. Stothard has completely overcome this difficulty. The procession seems moving constantly onward, and yet the monotonous line is so beautifully varied and broken, that the eye is charmed by the general effect. We know of no pictures which have more fresh out-door life and genuine simplicity of character than these. Some of the illustrations of the Pilgrim's Progress are very beautiful, — especially that one where the Interpreter takes the fainting Mercy by the hand, saying, "Damsel, I bid thee arise." The group of the children surrounding their mother, Christiana, is as beautiful as we can possibly imagine. Some of Stothard's admirers do not hesitate to compare him with Raphael. We cannot accord him so high a place. He has the exquisite grace and purity of life which belong to the great master, but, so far as we are entitled to judge from his engraved works, or from the effect he has produced on his age, has not the lofty inspiration and the wonderful power of expression which belong to the Italian. It is perhaps yet too early to decide

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upon his rank, even among his own countrymen; but if we cannot at once, with his biographer, place him at the head of British painters, at least but few can hold equal rank with him; and he will always stand with Reynolds and Hogarth and Wilkie and Flaxman, among the greatest names in British art.

He once intended writing a dictionary of the lives of the painters, and a few notes which he had prepared for the work give an idea of his views on art, as well as his literary ability. He greatly admired Raphael; he was the master whom he studied earliest and longest, and he urges every young artist to follow his example. From his enthusiastic admiration of the great picture of the Transfiguration, — the last work of the painter, — he does not seem to have known anything of "The Fall of Raphael." It is a little singular that the most graceful and beautiful of painters should have expressly liked Albert Durer, whose works seem to many so deficient in beauty, and in whom stern and powerful expression certainly predominates; but Stothard admired the beauty of his draperies and the wonderful spirit and life of his compositions. The color of Rubens won his praise, although he felt the coarseness of many of his pictures. He recommended to students a careful study of the antique, — advising them to make many rapid sketches of each statue, rather than one elaborately finished copy. He said this was the only way to acquire the power of representing life in a noble and characteristic manner. But most of all he exhorted to a constant study of Nature in all her forms, and life in all its varieties. To be always sketching was at once his precept and his practice. When he walked in the fields he carried with him bottles of colored ink, and sketched with a pen the flowers in all their native colors. He made careful studies of birds, insects, and other animals. It is even related of him, that, on being invited to the Lord Mayor's ball, he carried his sketch-book with him, and made many drawings of the dancers present, which were afterwards very useful to

him in preparing his illustrations of books. The designs for the silver shield presented to the Duke of Wellington were the most remarkable of his works for silver. These he afterwards etched and published for his own benefit.

Stothard's personal character seems to have been as pure and lovely as his own creations. He had not the excitable, passionate temperament which so often accompanies genius. He was calm, exact, peaceable, and affectionate. He was liberal in all pecuniary transactions, but an honest self-respect made him pay such regard to economy that his life was not fretted by money troubles, nor his independence destroyed by the patronage of the wealthy. He was very generous in assisting young artists with advice, and even with the precious aid of his own pencil. An amusing instance of his quiet, calm temperament, as well as of his industry, is given by his biographer. On the morning of his marriage, he walked quietly down to the Academy and drew two or three hours as usual, and then invited a friend home to dine with him, as he had taken a wife that day!

The closing years of this peaceful and beautiful life were saddened by sudden and heavy bereavements. His eldest son Thomas, a lad of uncommon promise, was accidentally shot by a playmate. This death was accompanied by two of those remarkable circumstances which seem to point to a power of foreknowledge, and an intercourse between related spirits, which our philosophy does not yet comprehend. A few nights before his death the young boy dreamed that "a man habited as a watchman had appeared to him, holding in his hand a white flag on which was a spot of blood. The man kept waving the flag to and fro, until the small spot spread itself out, and so increased that the whole of the white flag became covered with blood." He was greatly excited by this dream, and wrote on the walls of his bed-room, in red chalk, "And your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." The room was afterwards called

in the family "the dreaming room," and the father would never suffer that writing to be effaced.

On the day of the fatal accident, the boy asked his father's permission to go out to buy a bird, which was granted. Soon after Mr. and Mrs. Stothard were dressing in their own room, when Mrs. Stothard suddenly exclaimed, as if addressing her son: "Tom, what do you here? But as you are here, go down and tell the servant to bring up my gown." Mr. Stothard, knowing his son was out, said, with great surprise, "What do you mean? Tom cannot be here. He has gone out to buy a bird." His wife replied, "I saw him but this instant, standing by the side of the bed"; and then, to her husband's great terror, added, that, when she spoke to him, "he stooped down, moved strangely, and she saw him no more." In the midst of their agitation at this strange incident, messengers arrived to tell them of the death of the boy. He was a lad of great promise. His second son, Charles, inherited a talent for drawing, and published a valuable work on "The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain." Soon after his marriage he was killed very suddenly by a fall from a ladder, while making a drawing of stained glass in a church. Another son lost his health by paralysis. His cherished wife died soon after, and his dear friend Flaxman soon followed her to the grave. From this period his health and spirits gradually failed, his deafness increased, and he was often surprised in tears when he thought himself alone. For a long time he persevered in drawing, but at last the hand could no longer obey the artist's will, and on one day attempting to sketch an alteration which he had proposed in a design of his son Alfred's, the pencil dropped from the fingers unable to wield it. He never resumed it. His surviving children watched over him with unfailing devotion; he grew gradually weaker, and at length peacefully and calmly he passed from life. He died April 27th, 1834, at the age of seventy-nine, and was buried by the side of his wife and son.

It is seldom the task of the biographer to record a more

peaceful, blameless, and beautiful life than that of Thomas Stothard. It is marked by few great events or tragic accidents, but it is a lesson of affection, of purity, of truth and beauty, which we feel it is worth while to look upon and strive to imitate.*

E. D. C.

TRANQUIL THOUGHTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

1. BRILLIANT exploits and occasional services in the face of the world are crowned with befitting dignity by the world so dazzled and so served; yet the quiet influence of exemplary deportment, in the retracy of a less extensive social life, has also its peculiar honors and reward. One we praise, the other we esteem; the one class of actions obtains our plaudits, the other our best love. The unobtrusive is the poet's part, and how blind are they who, taking on the military mien, seek and seize upon the public attention often by not the most worthy means! Individuals of this class should set themselves about seeking first their ease and quietude. Patience is a valuable virtue, characteristic of nearly all true greatness, and consequent upon comprehensive views of our human condition. The state of happiness is the most advantageous one in which to strive for even temporary benefits.

2. We should never forget nor fail to struggle on with trust. Mankind are all searching for the beautiful, to add of it to their lives, and consequently they are all and ever thankful for a good work or word in which they can have an inalienable right of example, direction, and assistance.

* The fullest biography of Stothard is from the pen of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Bray. It is not remarkably well written, but preserves many interesting personal reminiscences of the painter, and is finely illustrated by engravings from his designs.

Why, then, should merit fear it will be neglected? Firm on the principle that good will triumph, and that excellence in its service will be rewarded according to its deserving, I am resolved to toil for their supremacy and continuance, not so much regarding my own advantage from their establishment, as the advantage that a world of beings like myself may derive from the little assistance I can render to the right.

3. Misanthropy cramps the mind as well as the heart of a man, and is likely to destroy or deteriorate his superior or moral existence. We say that he is most happy who loves most, but we do not always remember in action that happiness is a necessary infusion for effectual service in the ideal world. Mere artistic creations will not often seize upon and abide in the heart, however excellent as such; the artist and the art-enamored alone can love them with great fervency; and certainly he who is tormented by impure thoughts is not in the most favorable condition for excelling even here. Innocence gives freedom to the spirit, and an enslaved spirit will not be likely to possess great power for fascination in the most delicate of arts.

4. "Effect is the one thing we need to seek for more than we do," I believe many a poet of this nineteenth century is ready to declare; and yet we all go on in our dry brilliancy, courting applause and appealing chiefly to the imagination and the intellect, instead of the heart, of readers, for the homage that must be gotten by force. Chaste beauty is always lovely, and praise be to him who brings it into being, in whatever form or material. But simple commendation is unworthy of becoming our chief aim. Poetry has a higher purpose than merely to delight. As one of the arts devoted to beauty, and thus to spiritual gratification and loveliness, it should not only elevate our thoughts, but should purify, expand, reanimate, and invigorate them for the good and the just, the ever-during pleasures of the spirit. Elegance and efficacy are not antagonistic, and must be combined in order to secure perpetuity to a literary production. What

save their thorough and exemplary combinations has multiplied the reprints of that miniature periodical, the tri-weekly "Spectator," published in London nearly a century and a half ago, and which could not be continued like the papers of our day beyond the period of application in the soul which gave it birth? And what greater defect is to be found in many a poet of earlier and later times, than the want of such a union of power and beauty, of attractiveness and worth? Displaying an affluence of the charms of expression, many a poem which the world has honored for the moment with grateful appreciation is found at last to express nothing really valuable with adequate effect. This latter quality it is, however, which gives life to the enduring work, and the human soul in general can sympathize only with such.

5. But with all the correctness of our appreciation and adaptation of means, we shall fail to move the world much in our own favor without a continued repetition of our labors before it. Without this, or without some brilliant introduction to the public by those who are known and who know us thoroughly and reliably, the door will remain shut against us by which we were to enter into the enjoyment of its lasting honors and rewards. Fame based upon anything less than genuine and appreciated worth will be very likely to topple upon the head it has illuminated. Unworthy fame brings after shame, and a stranger who has been honored has much need of a good reputation to follow him into the place where he shall continue long thereafter. Comeliness of appearance and address may suffice for a season, but without character these prepossessing externals will early become dim. Great talents have great necessity for a good heart.

6. But then, after all, what is the world worth, that we should desire to set ourselves apart, like a rock in the sea's midst, merely to become an object where all eyes may rest? Does the consciousness of being conspicuous repay one for

the buffetings he must receive upon every side? Can the cool plashing of spray over the rock's worn summit compensate for the alternating fierceness of the sun's meridian blaze?

7. The heart is supposed to be the seat of affection, as it is also the seat of life, and it seems probable that whatever affects us thoroughly must be felt at the very basis of our being. If the heart, the inmost and deepest of our interior life, be not satisfied, our enjoyment is hardly worthy of the name, and to satisfy this we must listen to its counsel, and let it work with us for a common and complete gratification. Heart can be moved only by heart, and except the heart work, it need not expect the reward of heart labor.

W. A. K.

DEVOTION.

IN the still, holy night,
Celestial beams of light
Flash round the Christian's bowed and reverent head;
And angels, with the song
That fills the heavenly throng,
Come kneeling, singing round his blessed bed.

He sees the land of bliss,
Where night nor darkness is,
And the high, waving palms of holy souls;
The bursting music there
Tunes his ecstatic prayer
In its full harmonies to swell and roll.

Lo! on Mount Zion stand
The bright, redeemed band,
Bearing the Father's name upon their brow:
Fair frontlet! blessed name!
The words of lucent flame
Gleam promise-like before the Christian now;—

And through the lifting night
Streams the celestial light,
And rapture heaven's brief distance travels o'er,
Till, circled by a band
Of seraphs from that land,
In dreams he glides within its open door.

L. P. S.

DRAWING NIGH TO GOD.

A SERMON.*

JAMES iv. 8: — "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."

TO-DAY, beloved in Christ, I turn my attention to one particular class of hearers; not to those among you who are secure and at ease in the way to death, nor to those who enjoy peace and happiness in the way to life; but to you, unhappy men, who hang between heaven and earth; who cannot die, and cannot live; whom the earth will not leave unmolested, and whom heaven will not accept. It is a fearful state, when, in the heart that was created for God, the world and Satan reign, and yet the man can pass on in presumptuous confidence, and say to himself and to others, "I have peace, — all goes well." But, you will say, it is a condition still more fearful, when one looks at the opened heaven above him, full of grace and truth, and yet cannot break loose from the pollutions of earth; when he is thus the prey of two conflicting powers. Many, supposing this latter case to be worse than that of careless sin, make no attempt to wake themselves from the slumber of death, but press down their eyelids so much the closer, that they may sleep the more. But let us see which of the two states is the more fearful. Were the pangs of the struggling

* The translator of this Sermon is requested to send his address to the Editor.

soul, which oscillates between death and life, to be your eternal portion, then you would have reason to regard it as of all portions the most disconsolate. But, my brother, such pangs are the pangs of the new birth. They are the contending of the morning twilight with the thick clouds of night. Struggle on with fortitude, and the soul will be born anew; the sun will come out, clear from the former darkness. Ye who are striving with sin, who are stretching out your hand for help, I will reach out to you a brother's arm. Ye who, like Peter of old, walk on the ways, and with hands stretched forth, cry out, "Lord, we sink!" Christ will extend his hand to help you; ye shall not sink! From these birth-pangs shall the new man be born, after the image of God. From these night-heavens shall the sun of righteousness shine forth. *Will* thou be made whole? Thus the Lord asked the sick around him; thus also he asks you to-day. Hear the words of the Holy Scripture which, in this discourse, I will present before you in the name of God. They should be to you like the hand that is stretched out from heaven to raise up from the power of sin and death all who will take hold of it. "*Draw nigh to God,*" cries the Apostle James, "*and he will draw nigh to you.*"

Before we commence the regular discussion of these words of the Apostle, let us, beloved, free them from a misconception which might attach itself to them.

It might easily appear from this mode of expression, as if it were man himself who took the first step in the way to life. But if so, where would be the Apostle's words, "What hast thou which thou didst not receive; and if thou didst receive it, why then dost thou boast of thyself?" No, my friends, he who is the first to stretch out the hand and come near, is God; and the Apostle's assertion in this passage can be applied to support no sentiment but the following: Whatever aid is proffered thee, thou must eagerly embrace, if thou wouldst obtain more. We are, all of us, stewards of the manifold gifts and graces of God; accordingly he hath

come to meet us all, and it is needful that we go forth and meet him, if we would receive more of his aid. In a manner altogether peculiar, then, are the words of our text designed for you, who, with deep humility, confess that the grace of God has already come near you; but yet weep, partly because you cannot appropriate this grace to yourself, and partly because you have not full and entire satisfaction in it. Let us, then, in the first place, propound the question, how God draws near unto men; and, secondly, how men draw near to God.

I. How does God draw near unto men? He draws near to them, as God the Father, in the work of creation and preservation. On all sides is everything which liveth surrounded with the great mystery of love. It was love which, on the morning of the creation, cried into the darkness, "Let there be light," and light was. The independent and eternal God, who might in his self-existence and blessedness have dwelt for ever alone, desired to have copartners of his blessedness; and he therefore created the world, and spirits allied to his own nature. And now, soul of man! whenever in the elevation of joy thou lookest upon thyself, and sayest to thyself, "I am," be sure thou utter also this exclamation: "It is eternal love which hath made me in the image of God." That love, which brought thee into existence on earth, see how it bears thee in its motherly arms through this poor life, which is wreathed about with thorns and misery. Far above this earth, where souls of men abide, thither penetrates a beam from this sun, and thither goes with it this motherly love, mild and blessing; and it warms and sustains and cherishes and shelters the ever-needy heart of man. Even the rudest mind can form a conception of this near approach of God in the work of creation and preservation. Paul goes into the midst of the heathen world and proclaims: "Turn ye to the living God, who made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that is therein; and hath not left himself without a witness, but hath given us

much good, and hath sent rain and fruitful seasons from heaven, and hath filled our hearts with joy and gladness."

But creating and preserving love has not provided a mirror for itself in thee alone. Around us and afar off has it also erected its tabernacle. The morning stars of heaven rejoice in their Maker, and the modest flower of the earth praises him in the lovely vale. When a man who hath first received into his own heart the full consciousness of that love which encircles heaven and earth in the embrace of its motherly arms,—when such a man goeth forth on a bright day of spring into the solitary temple of nature,—O, what a unison doth he feel between his own heart and all created objects, as they sing and adore: "Eternal, all-protecting Love! hallowed be thy name!" Yea, my brethren, in the work of his creation, God the Father hath approached near unto us, inexpressibly near unto us, even as man to man,—to us, his poor children, standing in the need of help; and let everything that hath breath praise and exalt the Lord!

But although, my friends, we are placed in this glorious temple of nature as the priests of God, yet are we in no way profited by it, unless we be *in reality priests*. Of what avail is the fulness of all gifts and good things, which flow forth to thee from the exhaustless storehouse of heaven and earth, if they do not expand thy heart to deep-felt gratitude and humble obedience? Of what avail, that every star in the heaven and every worm upon the earth has a tongue, with which it bears witness of eternal love, when the heart is deaf and thy mouth continues speechless? Of what avail to us, that God the Father hath revealed himself in us and in nature as the Father of all that lives, unless we be his children? And until God the Son has transformed us to be the children of his Father, O how pitifully man stands on the heaving bosom of nature! how poor, how ignorant! unable to expound the riddle; living like the heathen without God and without hope in the world; and instead of folding his hands, he wrings them in despair!

II. But, brethren, God hath come near to us, as God the Son, in the work of redemption. Without Christ, the heaven of stars, as well as the heart of man, remains to us a sealed hieroglyphic. Seest thou not how men conjecture about it? how diversely they unravel it? how they interpret scarcely a single syllable here and there of the great enigma? The Holy, the Unknown, whose characteristic features thou couldst not detect when thou soughtest to decipher them from the flowers, from the stars, from the hearts of men, — lo! he hath come forth to meet thee; he hath come near to thee, as a man to his neighbor; in Galilee hath he set up his tabernacle; look into the heart of Jesus, and thou hast read the heart of God; for this is his exclamation: "Whoever hath seen me, Philip, hath seen the Father!" Adorable Love! when I passed thee by and knew thee not, then didst thou lie hidden behind the veil of nature; then did I form conjectures concerning thee, and my heart swelled with fulness of longing desire; but since I have looked upon thee in the Son of God, who hath come to find the lost sheep, and who inviteth the sorrowful and heavy-laden to himself, — since that time I have looked directly upon thy face, and I know thee, and I bow my knee before thee and exclaim: "Eternal Love! pass not away from me, — from me, the poorest of thy children!"

Yea, my friends, what a hidden being is God, before he hath become manifest to us in Christ! and how completely veiled also is the heart of man before thou learnest its character, in contrast with the Saviour's! While I look upon him as the Son of God and of man, the feeling is awakened in my breast, that even I am of a god-like race; and yet, when I look upon him, tears break forth from mine eyes; for, alas! the godlike image within me is shamefully disfigured, and that which ought to reign in my bosom, serves. In contrast with his obedience, I learned mine own disobedience; in contrast with his humility, I learned mine own pride; in contrast with his compassion, and the swelling of

his heart with tenderness, I learned how cold and unfeeling was mine own spirit. And I stood troubled exceedingly and ashamed, and my tears flowed forth. Then spake a voice from the throne of glory, saying, "Weep not, for the Lion of the tribe of Judah hath overcome. *Wilt* thou be made whole?" "Yea, Lord," I answered; "ah! thou knowest how strongly I desire it." Then said he, "My son, be of good cheer, there is help for thee; stand up and follow me." And I followed him, and lo! I became conscious that he had not disappointed me when he said, "Whoever believeth in me *hath* already received everlasting life."

Behold, how near God comes to man in the work of redemption! But in vain does he come outwardly near thee in the work of creation and atonement, unless he come also near thee in the sanctuary of thine own soul. Christ as well as nature, the manifestation of the Son in redeeming as well as of the Father in creating, stands before thee as a dumb enigma, unless the Spirit performs his preparatory work upon thy heart.

III. But God the Spirit also approacheth men in his work of sanctification. If God bring thee not to God, thou canst not find God. This is the third way in which Jehovah comes near to man. He sends the Divine Spirit who has his seat of operation in the inmost recesses of the human heart, who invites and attracts continually, until he has brought the man to Christ. "God hath caused all nations of men, being of one blood, to dwell on the whole face of the earth; and hath fixed and predetermined the bounds, both of time and space, in which they should live, so that they might seek after God, if perhaps they might feel after him and find him. And indeed he is not far from every one of us, for in him we live and move and are."

Man! feel the whole greatness of that which is proclaimed to thee by this truth. In thine inmost nature art thou thus rooted within the Spirit of God. No finite being is so near, not even thou thyself art so near to thine own soul, as the

Spirit of God is. He is with thee when thou standest up; he goeth with thee when thou liest down; and if thou take the wings of the morning, and fly even to the uttermost sea, yet even there will his hand hold thee. Thou canst by no means escape from his strong hold. The man who hath sunk into darkness would fain release himself from God; he may not recognize his divine companion, yet the hand of this companion is upon him. Thou hangest the veil before thee; thou seest him not, but he seeth thee. Beloved man! he who inwardly speaketh to thee is not thine enemy. Turn not away from his voice. It is the voice of thy friend, the voice of thy best friend, thy God and Father, who will bear thee to his Son. What he teacheth will indeed give thee pain. Thou thoughtest thou wert full and hadst a sufficient supply; O see! he convinceth thee that thou art naked and destitute; he exciteth in thy soul a hunger and thirst; it may make thee lament, but, beloved man! turn him not away; lo! he maketh thee poor and naked and hungry and thirsty, for no other reason than this, that he will clothe thee with new celestial garments, such as his Son hath provided for thee, and such as thou shalt wear in his kingdom; for no other reason than this, that he will feed thee and give thee drink, — feed thee with heavenly bread, and give thee living water, such as his Son shall dispense to thee in his kingdom.

Behold, my Christian friends, the arms of love which your God spreadeth out for you, which come near unto you, and are stretched forth to embrace you in all your ways! A sea of love surrounds you all, with its waves on all sides; but how many of you thirst amidst these waves, and must continue to thirst in the midst of them, if you will not extend your arms to meet your God. *Will you be made whole?* This is the question which I earnestly repeat to you. It was necessary that the man upon whom the miracle of physical healing was performed should be willing to be cured; how much more necessary is it that the man whose soul is

to be restored should desire the restoration ! Christ revives and enlightens you, not without nor against your will. But behold, here is the diseased place in your heart. All ye who are not dead in your sins, and who yet cannot come into decided spiritual life,—who affirm that you believe, and yet are not conscious of the power and blessedness of living in the Redeemer,—the reason of your present condition is this : when Christ, with all earnestness, inquires, “Will you indeed be made whole ?” you answer, “No, we will not !” You hunger not, you thirst not,—how shall God give you food ?

Will you indeed be made whole ? Then draw near to God. Draw near to him, and he will draw near to you. The sea of love will not barely surround you, so that you shall remain joyless amid its waves ; you shall drink from that sea.

I. Draw near to God in the work of creation and preservation. Why fleest thou from solitude ? Why dost thou shun the lonely hour ? Why passeth thy life away like the feast of the drunkard ? Why is it that to many of you there cometh not, through the whole course of the week, a single hour for self-meditation ? You go through life like dreaming men,—ever among mankind, and never with yourselves. So it was not with our forefathers ; they had in their life many a still hour. When the evening came, then had every one a set period which was consecrated to his God. You have torn down the cloister ; but why have you not erected it within your hearts ? Lo, my brother, if thou wouldst seek out the still hour, only a single one every day, and if thou wouldst meditate on the love which called thee into being, which hath overshadowed thee all the days of thy life with blessing, or else by mournful experiences hath admonished and corrected thee, this would be to draw near to thy God ; thus wouldst thou take him by the hand. But whenever in ceaseless dissipation of heart thou goest astray, the sea of the Divine blessing shall surround thee on all sides, and yet thy

soul shall be athirst. Wilt thou draw near to God in his works of creation and preservation? Then *seek the still hour.*

II. Draw near to God in his work of redemption. How like a friend hath he come to meet a world of sinners! and they go not forth to meet him! Ye, who are conscious that ye have in the word of God eternal life, do ye read that word every day? Believe me, there are very many among you who will remain in suspense and fluctuation of mind, and can never arrive at sure conviction, until they find opportunity to read the Scriptures every day in the still hour. But it is a question of vital import,— In what manner do you read? Ye who are earnest in the pursuit of heaven, read first the history of your Lord, so that you may collect into a single sun all the scattered rays of his image. Let your first effort be to obtain a deep impression of his entire, holy character and conduct. This sacred image will attend you through the whole day, as a companion to humble, to console, to animate you; it will be with you like a good spirit. Whoever looks for a long time at the sun, receives the sun's full image in his eye, so that he beholds nothing anywhere but that luminary. Thus, my beloved brother, when through the whole morning you look upon the sun of the Redeemer's image, that sacred form will impress itself upon you, and whatever you see, you will see it only in its relations to Christ; you will rejoice when you recognize one ray from him; you will weep when you cannot discover him; you will follow every way-mark and every lifted finger which points to him. Will you, then, draw near to God in the work of redemption? *Read the testimony respecting his Son*, which he has placed in your hand.

III. Draw near to God when he comes to you in the Spirit, as it operates within your heart. O that I might, with divine power, penetrate all your souls with this cry: Whenever you feel within your spirits the attraction and voice of your Father, resist it not: it is the voice of God; it is the

work of God. Fail not to hear it; for it is in this particular that the righteousness of God is manifested in the most fearful way. "There dwells," says a heathen writer, "in men, a Holy Spirit, who treats us as he is treated by us." Once turned away, he comes back again the more seldom, and speaks to us with less and less power. But what can I do, you ask, if the voice within me sounds but softly; or if I have disdained it, until it has become scarcely audible? Brother, it stands recorded: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." You reply, "I have a cold heart, I cannot pray"; but I ask you, Is not a warm heart a good gift? If it is so, then I add, it stands written: "If ye who are evil yet knew how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Father bestow favor upon them that ask it." It is a mistake, a dangerous error, to suppose that man should pray only when his heart prompts. What shall one do when his heart dies away, and incites him no more? Knowest thou not, that *the soul is stimulated to prayer by prayer itself*? Hast thou never yet experienced that happy state, when the soul, grieving over its inward barrenness and coldness, casts itself down, and begins with frigid feelings to pray, and this very prayer transforms the heart of stone into one of flesh, and thine affections begin to swell within thee, and to pour themselves out more and more freely, and the words flow forth in richer and richer abundance, and thou canst find no end to them, and thou art overpowered, and criest aloud, "Yea, verily, O God! thou canst do superabundantly above all that we ask or think!" But you say, "Alas! my supplication falls back again so cold and faint upon me. It seems as if I mocked God with my prayer, full of words, but without a soul." Brother, I ask you only one question: Do you hunger for the bread of life? If you do, then certainly you do not mock God with your supplication. Shall it be that you entreat longingly for bread, and are refused?

Nay, nay, He in whose countenance we behold all that is paternal hath inquired, "What man is there among you, whom if his son ask for bread, will give him a stone?" Cry out in full trust, "Bread, Father, I wish! Thou who givest earthly bread to the young ravens, thy child longeth for the bread of the soul." And do you think that to you alone, among all mortals, there would come a refusal? Remember that the holy men of God were obliged to *begin* to learn how to pray. And can you still doubt, you with the cold heart, that you will learn to pray with warm and glowing feeling, if you will but *begin in faith*? Beloved Christians, draw near to the Holy Spirit of God *in supplication*.

Come, then, all ye who are not dead, and yet are not alive,—ye whom the earth will not leave unmolested, and whom heaven will not accept,—ye who serve two masters, how long will ye fluctuate? Hold fast in your souls this one truth: Whatsoever can be done on the part of God hath already been done. The wedding festival is prepared; you have been invited; nothing remains but for you to come. The sea of love surrounds you; nothing remains but for you to drink. At the last day, when you wring your hands in despair, shall it be said, "I was willing, but ye were not willing?" How to approach Him who approacheth you so graciously, you know. *Seek the still hour*, every day. *Read the Holy Scriptures*, every day. Attend, every hour and every instant, to every attracting influence of the Holy Spirit. When the Spirit keepeth silence, then *cling to your prayer*.

Israel! why wilt thou die? Lo! thou knowest what course is needful for thy happiness. Whoever remaineth shut out from the work of grace,—he hath shut himself out!

"MY TREASURES, AND WHERE I HAVE GARNERED
THEM."

MY neighbors call me the "Old Maid"; and I am sorry to say, as I came in from church last evening, I heard two of them (the handsome young men who occupy the spacious rooms near mine) say, "It is only the homely old maid." Sorry to say it; — not that I mind their calling me "homely," which is undoubtedly true; but sorry they should lower themselves to speak thus sneeringly of any woman in the world. I think, if I had the honor of a personal acquaintance with those young men, I should ask them if they supposed Sir Philip Sidney would have spoken so of a woman upon whom God had laid the cross of years and ugliness. But I have never had an introduction to them, and I strongly suspect *they* have never been presented to the hero of Zutphen. Well, I am old; no need to reckon up my threescore years, no need to look at the white threads in my dark hair, to assure me of the fact. I am poor too, — at least my few friends say so; but to-night, in spite of years and poverty, I count myself rich, very rich. The fact is, I have a great many treasures, laid up against the day when I shall need them. Ah, Bright Eyes! would you like to know about them, and the casket where I have put them for safe keeping? You think no treasures can equal those you possess, — the coral set Aunt Mary gave you for a Christmas present, and the pearl ring papa put on your finger last birthday. Listen a moment while I tell you of mine. I have a diamond of great size, and extraordinary lustre, which I once wore as proudly as you do your rings and corals. Most wonderful of all, on account of its very lustre and beauty, it possesses a subtle charm, by means of which it causes all objects within its range to appear as fascinating and desirable as itself. And it is not until you have made them your own, and removed them from the influence of the wondrous jewel, that you begin to know them by their true faces. Through all the

brief hours of my rosy childhood, and the long years of my dreamy girlhood, I wore it ever about me, and, in spite of its continually deceiving me, cherished it fondly. Why I did so, I know not. In those days, beside the diamond, I was wont to wear a strong talisman, close to my heart; which indeed I would not undervalue now, for it did much for me,—so much that I believed in it, worshipped it, more than I did my God. I thought *then* there were *no* limits to its power; I know *now* that the Master who gave it can limit it. I remember once going in pursuit of a wreath of laurels; very simple it was, but very difficult to obtain; however, the strong talisman goaded me on. Well, I did win it (believe me, the charm always works); but O the graves I had walked over! I had fancied I could gain it only by the saying of some great words, by the doing of some heroic deeds; so, on my way to the wreath, I had neglected a thousand opportunities to do quiet and unobtrusive good. While I had been saying the true words which should live through the ages, (alas! they are forgotten now,) many died by my side who had never learned to say, "Our Father." Could I stop to teach them? When the prize was mine, the loved ones, who would so joyfully have bound it on my brow, had passed from my home and from toil, to their quiet rest on the sunny hillside. Only a brother, a little brother, was left to me; beside him I was alone in the world. I wonder if you love your brother, little Bright Eyes, as I loved mine. The Master wanted him,—and with a smile of gentlest love the sunny-eyed, golden-haired child left me. Pray God, young mothers, whose eyes fall on these words, that you may never know how hard it is to have, instead of a cradle, a little grave.

Another love came to me then. It may be you will not understand much about *this* love. Do not try to. The woman's lesson will open itself to you soon enough. I cannot tell you, I do not think you would believe me if I did, what this love was to me. Do you remember what the sun

was to that geranium which had been in the cellar all the long months of our New England winter? Supposing you had given it the sun for a few blessed days, then borne it back again to its dark, cheerless, underground home? "Why," you answer, "it would have died." I do not know; perhaps it would, being a plant; but spirits are not crushed, under just such discipline. The love passed for a season. I was wretched; but youth, health, the talisman, and the diamond were mine. I said, I will not be conquered, so threw myself into my work,—with a recklessness which now I shudder to think of. I do not know as it ever occurred to me, that perhaps the Master would want them too; at any rate he did. He took them all,—and with them reason fled. Are you growing impatient, Bright Eyes? Do you say, "But these are lost treasures which you are talking about"? Be patient, and I will tell you how I regained them. When reason came back, I was old and weary, but, thank God! humble, and quite ready to say, that all had been done just as was right,—that my Master knew what was best, and that, for the rest of my life, I would count his love my richest gem. And so it has been; but in giving me that, he gave all the rest back. In a most precious casket which He handed me, he placed them all;—and now, when I am sad or lonely, I take the little key which in the language of man is called "prayer," and, going softly to the inner chambers of my heart, I unlock the priceless casket, and on bended knees gaze long and earnestly upon what I have treasured there.

Every thing I love is safe;—the dreams of my beautiful youth, the loves of my life, the gems and talismans of which I have told you, are all safe. Beside these, there are pictures of landscapes more beautiful than any which Claude ever painted,—bits of music more entrancing than Mozart ever played; and, best of all, there are no graves there. The Master does not think it best for me to use them now;—they are for my love, guidance, and instruction in that world

where instead of Hope is Fruition, and instead of Faith, Light. With such treasures could you not bear to be an "Old Maid," even a "homely Old Maid"? Would you mind so very much if the way to Heaven *was* round Weeping Cross, if, *in Heaven*, you would find all your treasures, and forget the Cross you had come by, in the Crown you had won?

A. M. S.

A LETTER.

MY DEAR L—:

Since I last wrote you, I have passed a day or two in a lovely spot, so secluded from the world that it might seem to be the very inner temple of Nature, or rather of that Great Being who is the life of Nature, and her soul. Set apart from the village, and quite surrounded by an extent of rich meadow-land, the finely wooded hill of which I am speaking rises abruptly on every side. It is supposed to have been formerly an island encircled by the lake, of which the present interval land was the bed. Sometimes now a freshet of unusual height nearly or quite restores it to its primitive state, and gives one an idea of the appearance of things in those times so long gone by. Here once stood an Indian village, and relics in the form of arrow-heads, &c. are still occasionally dug from the soil.

Here, too, was the encampment on the night when the savage foe surprised and laid waste the neighboring village, in the times of Indian warfare.

The drive to the hill, through rich pasture-ground and corn-fields wholly unenclosed, is very beautiful. As we approach, we see a picturesque little white cottage, with its vine-clad front, peeping out from among the trees. On entering the dwelling, we find the simple furniture so arranged by the hand

of taste as to give an attractive air to the little parlor. By the way, I wonder whether those who have the means of decorating their houses and their persons with every luxury that can please the eye and gratify the taste for magnificence and beauty, know how much real satisfaction many of us take in *making things do*; in creating, as it were out of nothing, articles which will not merely answer the necessary purpose for which they were intended, but which will be really pretty and ornamental. Undoubtedly most of us would find it highly agreeable to build and furnish our houses, and adorn our persons, with elegant and costly articles, for splendor has a beauty of its own, provided that it does not violate the rules of correct taste, either by something inherent in itself, or by inconsistency with its surroundings. But we, who cannot gratify this natural inclination by that beautiful system of compensation which runs through all the Divine arrangements, find great pleasure in the free scope given for the exercise of our ingenuity. This ingenuity seems sometimes to approximate toward creative power, so small are the materials with which it works. Economy when practised on the true ground, ascends in the scale from a sordid desire of hoarding up riches, and becomes a true principle, carried out into cheerful action, because God so ordains it for us, and it is best.

But my digression has kept you standing for a long time on the threshold of this lovely retreat. Here dwell contentment, simplicity, a high appreciation of the beautiful and spiritual, and the sweet domestic affections, sanctified by Christian faith, — a faith that looks undoubtingly to God in the darkest hours, and in seasons of peculiar trial has sometimes almost seen the heavens opened to afford relief. The spirit of true hospitality reigns here, too. One would suppose that the little tenement could lodge but very few more than its usual occupants; but when friendship demands, it seems to have the power of indefinite extension, — so truly does the great heart give the ability to enlarge the bounds of the habitation.

Should you pass a day here, you might perhaps be edified by hearing selections from the extract book of the head of the household.

These selections from the finest and most spiritual writers sufficiently indicate the character of his own mind, and assure us that, while he labors in the field, "working with his hands the thing which is good," his thoughts are engaged in those high communings and unselfish aims which dignify and sanctify the humblest toils. True hearts and active hands co-operate with him, and share his highest hours.

Perhaps (though this was a rare occasion) you might be favored, as I was, with a repast in the open air.

We repaired toward sunset to the beautiful clearing back of the house, and, spreading a white cloth on the grass to serve the purpose of a table, seated ourselves on a blanket, as a protection from the dampness of the ground, and felt that, with the addition of a covered wagon, and one or two horses tied to the neighboring trees, we might well pass for a company of emigrants on their way to the Far West. Indeed, scarcely in the Western forest should we have seemed more completely isolated from the world, so entirely were we shut in by the lofty trees, and the tall, noble field of broom-corn, the product of Mr. —'s own toil, which, with its regular, cleanly-weeded rows, bore witness to the desire for perfection which he seems to carry into every work.

One would believe that the world's cares and unrest could hardly find entrance here; and, truly, I do not know the household which seems more fully to have received that sweet gift of God, "the blessing of peace."

Yours,

M. W.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE SICK-ROOM.

ONE of the trials of the sick-room brings with it its own abundant consolations. As we are separated in so great a degree from the external world, we have the better opportunity to realize that presence which is ever around us, but which we are too liable to forget amid the engrossing interests of busy life. In the quiet and solitude of our infirmity, for most of our hours are virtually solitary, God is peculiarly near. How wonderful yet how delightful the thought, that the Being who pervades the universe, directing and regulating all the movements of its innumerable worlds, fills also our little chamber, knowing our wants before we can express them, understanding all our weakness better even than we do ourselves, and that not a tear or groan or sigh, of which our earthly friends are unconscious, is unnoticed or unpitied by him! How can we pine for human companionship when almighty power and unerring wisdom and unfailing goodness are ever at our side? Every alleviation of pain, every expression of a friend's kindness, every ray of gladness or of hope that brightens our path, is a direct proof of his love. He speaks peace to our souls, in the promises and consolations of his word, scattered as gems along its pages, through the history of his chosen people, to whom, in spite of their faithlessness, he was ever "the cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night," breathed forth in the inspired and exultant strains of David and Isaiah, in the experience of apostles and martyrs, who were "troubled on every side, yet not distressed," and who, as their "outward man perished," felt their "inward man renewed day by day," and still more, in that last prayer and discourse of our Divine Redeemer, his legacy of love to all his afflicted followers to the end of time. How grateful do we now feel to the kind mother or teacher, under whose judicious guidance our minds were stored with hymns and passages of Scripture which seem just suited to our case, and recur to us unbidden, in our vigils at night, or

our loneliness by day, with a soothing and elevating power! When we toss on a restless pillow, he watches us with a sleepless vigilance, with a love exceeding that of mother or sister, and calms our perturbed spirits. In the hour of pain, we lean on his supporting arm, in perplexity or anxiety he "lifts upon us the light of his countenance," and "though we walk through the valley and shadow of death, he will be with us, and his rod and staff will comfort us."

I hope it may not be deemed irreverent to mention in this connection another spiritual influence which is especially manifest in the sick-room. Our departed friends, those who were most closely allied to us on earth, but who have been removed from our mortal vision, as we trust only to some other mansion in our Father's house, may be ever hovering around us, though sin and the world hide them from our sight. But in the sick-chamber, from which the world of sense is in a measure excluded, the veil seems to be in part rent away, and we realize their actual presence with us, almost as distinctly as if we saw them with our bodily eyes. We watched by their bed through the mortal agony, and received their parting breath with a tenderness of sympathy which we thought nothing could exceed; but now we have a keener perception of their past sufferings, through the experience of our own, and at the same time a fuller conviction of their present watchful and pitying interest for us. Through the darkness of our room their looks of affection seem bent on us as of old; when earthly voices are hushed, those loved tones are sounding in our ears, and while they sympathize, they entreat that, by the love we bore them, we slight not this admonition of Providence, but so use the precious season of preparation that, when the last messenger shall arrive, whether sooner or later, it may be only to summon us to a blissful and everlasting reunion.

"O, mourn not thou art left below,
While friends to realms immortal go!
How canst thou tell but these prepared may be
In life's last closing hours to minister to thee?"

But if these views should by some be considered visionary, none, I trust, will doubt that there is present in every sick-chamber, One who can "be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," because he has borne them all. However severe may be your sufferings, they do not equal his, rendered all the keener by a mental and bodily organization of peculiar delicacy and sensitiveness. There was one element too in his sufferings which God has mercifully spared you. You are sustained continually by the hope of amendment, cheering, even if it prove delusive; but he knew from the commencement every step of the fearful passage before him, and that there was no escape, in the way of duty. You rest on a comfortable pillow, with the watchful eye of affection anticipating every want; but his last hours were soothed by no gentle ministry, but passed in the companionship of criminals, and aggravated by taunts and reproaches. Your sufferings you may trace to the violation of some physical laws, perhaps to some sinful indulgence, but his were the consequence only of the most self-sacrificing love, endured for your sins and mine. Look, then, in the intervals of your agony, at the Divine sufferer; it needs no difficult mental effort, but the glance of earnest faith, and the spirit of his submission will flow into your hearts, and you will realize all the power of his love.

In the previous remarks, prayer, the crowning consolation of the sick-room, has been constantly recognized, but the subject is too important to be passed by without special notice. If the sick man cannot labor, he can pray; if he cannot converse, he can pray; if he cannot reason, he can pray; ay, and he *must* pray too, for, however worldly or sceptical his previous life may have been, he now turns to prayer as a refuge, and the Father drives no broken spirit from his mercy-seat. Though the mind be unable to frame a connected petition, yet if

"The burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,"

be regarded in his sight as prayer, we may always have access to him in the hour of our sorest extremity. In the words of David, which touch a responsive chord in every suffering heart, in the language hallowed by the anguish of Gethsemane, in the expression which our own feelings prompt, or in the silence of our hearts, we can pour forth our wants, our weaknesses, our struggles, and our sins, as we could to no human ear, and while our prayers are yet ascending, light and peace and strength will descend into our souls. And not prayers only, but praises, — praises for the alleviations mingled in our bitter cup, and the grace which enables us to drink it, — for the blessings of the past, and the promises of the future. Nor for ourselves alone is the privilege of supplication permitted to us; we may pray for others, — for those who have been kind to us, and those who have injured us, — for those who are afflicted, and those whose temporal and spiritual welfare are the objects of our deepest concern. Let us not say that we are powerless, that we can do nothing for those we love, while we can pray for them; for the prayer of affection, hallowed by faith, may procure them blessings which the riches of the world could not purchase. The secret of habitual communion with God, which we find it so hard to maintain amid the engrossing cares of life, but which, if we could maintain it, would carry us unharmed through the fiery furnace, is revealed in the sick-room. The more constantly it becomes the mood of our minds, the more truly does our sick-chamber become to us "the gate of heaven"; and if we return to the world again, we are thus supplied with the strongest security against its seductions. But the choice rests with ourselves, and if we avail ourselves of this refuge only when every other fails, we reject, in our blindness, the divine manna with which our Father would sustain us in our passage through the wilderness, and turn back to the flesh-pots of Egypt.

Mourn not, then, my friends, though the light of each re-

turning Sabbath finds you still a prisoner, and the church-going bell summons you in vain to go up to the house of the Lord. Your room may be the scene of the family altar, where you may daily mingle your religious sympathies with those dearest to you. Though deprived of outward religious ministrations, every day may be to you a Sabbath of high communion, and the sick-chamber a sanctuary, from which the incense of a devout heart shall be continually ascending. Then will "its windows look towards the rising of the Sun" of righteousness, and "the name of that chamber will be called *Peace*."

M. P. D.

WALKING WITH GOD.

ASSOCIATION, for whatever purpose, presupposes friendship, and an opposite spirit presupposes alienation of mind. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" The existence of sin and the love of sin form an insurmountable barrier between God and every human soul, which in some way or other must be removed before there can be the possibility of any harmony subsisting between the parties.

"Enoch," of old, we are informed, "walked with God; and he was not, for God took him." This is an expression of frequent occurrence in the Old Testament, and appears to be employed to characterize various eminent individuals in early days. It is equivalent to the expression "practical godliness," "personal religion," "the devotion of both heart and life to God," and "the consecration of the whole man to his service." It appears to be directly opposed to that spirit, and that course of life, by which the vicious are characterized, who are said to be without God in the world, who think and act without reference to him.

The expression, as applied to the ancient patriarch, intimates that, amid the varied cares, duties, and trials of life, of which, like other men, Enoch had his full share, he made religion the grand purpose of his life, that his mind was fully absorbed with things divine. He brought God near to his mind in all that he did, in all that he said, and thus made everything in his life tell upon his future destiny.

We are not made acquainted, at this early age of the world, with what views Enoch entertained those Gospel truths which we enjoy; but living as he did so near the period of man's original creation, and conversing as he did with our great primogenitor, and illuminated by the Divine spirit, it is natural to suppose that he must have had full instructions in regard to the divine character, the original state, and fallen condition of man, and his promised recovery, and thus, looking through the mist of ages, was enabled to foretell the coming of the second Adam; and that he was informed of the original promise, and of the great purpose in regard to man. And what was his state must be ours also, if we would walk with God. To the great scheme of salvation we must yield our ready submission. God in Christ must be all our salvation, and all our desire, if we would walk with God.

Walking with God supposes an habitual being as in the Divine presence. The man lives as seeing God who is invisible. The thought of the Divine presence, the reality of God being constantly with him, keeps him alive to duty, reconciles his mind to every event; for the doctrine of the Divine presence leads the Christian to fear lest he should disobey his Heavenly Father, and not only so, but stimulates him to do and bear all that is pleasing to him.

Walking with God implies familiarity of intercourse and communion with him. This friendly intercourse between God and man was forfeited and cut off by sin. But, thanks to our Heavenly Father, a mercy-seat has been erected where God and man may meet; a channel has been opened

up in which our sacrifices and prayers may be accepted, and Divine blessings may reach our souls in copious streams. We cannot know in what way intercourse with Heaven was carried on in those early days, as was particularly the case with Enoch. By the appointed and prescribed mode of worship, he doubtless maintained fellowship with God, and God by immediate visions, and perhaps by audible voices and by visible manifestations of his presence, made himself known to Enoch. Such manifestations were made to Abraham. Moses talked with God face to face, and it is to be presumed that such was Enoch's privilege. Though living on earth, he walked with God, he was like a citizen of heaven. The privilege of communion with God was not peculiar to him, and, notwithstanding all the special manifestations of God in patriarchal times, all that they then saw was dark and visionary compared with the light which we enjoy under the Gospel dispensation. We have better ordinances, mediums of intercourse more large, fuller harmonies, more cheering hopes, and more powerful aids. We have the same God to go to. We have a Friend in the court of heaven, who lives to make intercession for us. We have the Spirit to help our infirmities and teach us to pray, and we can each of us become kings and priests unto God our Father.

Affection is the very essence of friendship. When it is said that Enoch walked with God, it will be seen that he loved God supremely. His love rose above every other principle, and kept in subserviency every other object of endearment. God was the portion of his soul. This feeling enters deeply into every Christian character, and we speak absurdly when we speak of the piety or religion of any one in whose heart love does not reign.

Wherever there is friendly association, close intimacy, and walking together, there will be of necessity much tenderness of affection. The company of him who has not a strong hold on the heart will not be courted with solicitude. He will be seldom present to the mind, or he

will be present to it with indifference ; but wherever hearts are closely linked together they cannot live, unless from necessity, long separate from each other. When you see Jonathan, you may conclude that David is not far distant.

Our love to God should be supreme, for the discoveries of the love of God made to us far exceed in extent those made to Enoch, as the midday glories of the sun exceed the morning rays. How often do we see objects the most worthless, and allow them to set our rightful Sovereign aside, and usurp that place in our affections which ought to be his ! Let us then pray that he will restore his own influence, and that with our whole heart and soul we may regard him as our chief good. Let us meditate on God's own manifestations of divine love, till the fire is kindled and burns within us, and let us never conclude that we were walking with God, unless we are walking in the love of God, and every thought and desire tend thitherward.

True religion has its seat in the heart, and it consists in the affections, in the inward sentiments, being conformed to the Divine image and will ; and in vain do we look for genuine Christianity without the subjection of the inward man to God. But with this inward principle, there is also outward conformity to the will of God. The requirements of the Gospel bind and subject the whole man to the Lord. Out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh. " If a man love me," says Christ, " he will keep my words." Wherever there are close intimacy and affection of the heart, there will be unity of manners, as well as of feeling. Where there is unity of feeling, there will be unity of action.

The man who walks with God is constantly looking to God for guidance and direction. In all his plans and purposes God is consulted ; God's will is respected, and nothing appears of such paramount importance as to please him. For such a one to live and not to make his life

subservient to the Divine glory, to live and not to live unto the Lord, would be, to a child of God, death in the very thought. Thus we suppose Enoch lived and walked with God, and thus will every individual walk who follows Enoch's principles. His life will be a life of near intercourse with God. He will live in a state of friendship, familiarity, and steady obedience to him; he will live by faith in his word, he will depend on his grace, he will live in perfect submission to the Divine Will.

DELTA.

QUIET.

"Lo ! in the silent night a child to God is born,
And all is brought again that e'er was lost or lorn ;
Could but thy soul, O man, become a silent night,
God would be born in thee, and set all things aright."

Thus believed the old mystic; and in our general hue and cry against his creed, it were well perhaps to pause and ask if at least this portion might not with advantage be preserved and incorporated into that of our restless times.

Hear what he says again, in one of those "spiritual rhymes" which contain as much wisdom as theological tomes, albeit some, like the following, have a tinge of heresy : —

"Why shouldst thou cry for drink ? The fountain is in thee,
Which, so thou stopp'st it not, will flow eternally."

But surely this has none : —

"God's spirit falls on me as dew-drops on a rose,
If I but like a rose to him my heart unclose."

It is fashionable now to inculcate and pursue industry, painstaking, self-sacrifice, and the like, with such enthusiasm that we begin to over-estimate these most admirable virtues, and forget that they are only good in their place and due pro-

portion. Because selfishness is sinful, it does not follow that we need keep our wills in a constant state of crucifixion; because idleness is wasteful, we need not make life a treadmill, or a dull workshop at best; because we may exercise free will and energy, we need not expect to take the guidance of all things into our hands, as if there were not a wiser Energy above.

There is nothing more needful to us, and oftener neglected, than this preservation of due balance in our good qualities. We let one or two virtues run away with us, and so lose all the rest. Philanthropists long with such undue zeal to help the world, that too often they hinder it instead; theologians love Love so fervently, that they its expounders wrangle; poets pour forth their songs to the joyous and beautiful, and become themselves poverty-stricken and sad; philosophers study the means by which earth yields them its fair fruits with such an abandonment of interest, that they forget not to starve, or map out stray channels of good with such industry, that they have no time to drink at the fountain themselves. Mr. Skimpole has such a refined taste for music and poetry, that in order to enjoy them he can cheat his friends.

Now this one-sidedness is foolish, and worse; it brings virtue into bad repute; it must invariably make us faithless and uncharitable toward our neighbors, and unfit us for rational work. Individuals are so far like states, that in a balance of interests only can they find harmony and peace. Said the wise heathen: "It was not with an eye to this, that we were establishing our state, to have any one tribe in it remarkably happy, but that the whole state might be so to the fullest extent. Just as if, when we were painting human figures, a person should come and blame us, saying that we do not place the most beautiful colors on the most beautiful parts of the creature,—inasmuch as the eyes, the most beautiful part, were not painted with purple, but black; we should seem perhaps to make a sufficient answer to him

by saying, 'Clever fellow, do not suppose that we ought to paint the eyes so beautifully as that they should not appear to be eyes, and so with the other parts; but consider rather whether, in giving each particular part its due, we make the whole beautiful.' "

Omitting to take first a thorough and calm survey of our sphere of action and our own capacities, we rush into the harvest-fields of life only to tread down grain which, with patience and skill, we might easily have reaped. Then we lose our temper, blame the harvest, — and in our hearts the Husbandman who planted it, — and become cynical and useless. From beginning with a generous wish to save our fellow-men, we end in having merely ruined ourselves.

Results, results we are all yearning to produce; — it is God who produces results, and we can imitate him best by taking heed to the development of our own natures and destinies. One heart and life has been given into the charge of every one; why should that be neglected, overworked, abused, and all the rest cared for so tenderly? Am not I a temple of the Holy Spirit, as well as my neighbor, and therefore to be revered? Am not I a child of the Highest, and thus for his sake to be helped and comforted?

Selfishness, like some other qualities, becomes an evil only because the good in it is not developed and applied to use; as rivers for want of a proper channel spread sometimes into unwholesome swamps: turn the stream of self-love in the right direction, and it shall water and enrich the garden of the Lord.

We do not appreciate our work, our sufferings, our triumphs: we forget the past, and so lose all its teachings and encouragements. "I shall never conquer this sin, attain to this art or science, acquire independence, or possess a friend," we say; "a hundred times I have all but reached the prize, and it proved illusory, or was by some accident withdrawn." A time comes when we possess all those things which caused our longing a while ago; but we press on to

other prizes with the same defeat and despair, not realizing that there is no accident, and the good gifts of Heaven are withheld only because we are not worthy to receive them yet.

We do not appreciate ourselves. We are guided by childish vanity and impatience, instead of a manly courage, — courage which dares to wait: we do not see what original and lovely forms of character the Creator may have ordained for our portion, what riches of divine growth lie dormant within us, waiting only the opportunity for development. If we cannot do something, let us be something: the Apollo Belvedere, motionless on his pedestal, has done a better work for the world than restless Napoleon. At least do not let it discourage us, that we cannot win battles without weapons, nor escape wounds without armor, nor do the work of lifetimes in a day. In grappling with our own sins, when the slain heads of the hydra keep renewing themselves, let us turn from our defeats with a calm heart, and realize that it is this very length and ardor of the struggle which shall give us power to win at last.

There is strife enough in the world without, — let us keep our hearts serene: whatever we lose, let us not lose faith in God and ourselves; but preserve our courage and cheerfulness. It is a sad mistake to convert this fair earth into a penitentiary and a hospital; it is manifestly against the Creator's intention, and cannot be pleasant in his eyes. The ocean sparkles with joy as it looks back to heaven, the trees in the woodlands stretch forth their arms in perpetual praise, the green earth blooms in an unceasing round of beauty. We alone give tears and lamentations in return for the great blessing of existence. If there is anything in or about us which needs reform, why not set about reforming it, instead of lamenting; and be cheerful during the process, and sure that He who ordains good is on our side.

There is no quality of such great and abiding value, as a simple, earnest faith in God; a heart

"Which rests instinctively in Heaven's law
With a full peace."

The scientific spend life in a continued correcting of their own conclusions; the wisest theologian, when driven by some child's question beyond the pale of established answers to doubt, feels himself ignorant; the philosopher, attempting a wider range, casts "his plummet down the broad, deep universe" of thought, and finds but dissatisfaction with this world and doubt of another. And meantime some poor young girl, some frail invalid who has been passed over in the distribution of physical and mental strength, but who has gained patience through suffering, and in the incapacity for other studies has studied her own soul, in the absence of other helpers has turned to God, shall speak with a higher than human wisdom, and dwell in the light of a more than mortal joy. "It is not because so much is revealed to me, but because I am always listening," said one who passes almost for a seeress in the circle of her friends.

We do not need sickness and continued suffering to develop our spiritual powers, — only, when calamity comes, to entertain the angel reverently, and so win his blessing, and apply to all our future life the lesson he imparts; but we do need serenity, — the winds which strengthen the oak break the stem of the lily, and violets will not blossom without the sun.

We must wait as well as labor, remembering that the Spirit works within us no less than the hands without. In finishing his work, the true poet does not ask, "How much skill, learning, and labor does my poem prove?" but rather, "How much inspiration? Not, "Is this like my neighbor's poem?" but, "Of what new truth and beauty have I been the medium? Is the poem original and my own?"

Is not life, too, a kind of poem, a work of art in which mortal skill and heavenly inspiration blend, and which, according as the unities are preserved or neglected, shall

be well proportioned and beautiful, or a crumbling chaos of strength and weakness, growth and blight?

How many sigh for work, and neglect the mission which God so clearly has ordained, of unfolding their own capacities! Let us fit ourselves for usefulness, and there is no danger but occupation will follow; for the Lord's "harvest is great, and the laborers are few."

There are some whose mere existence in the world is a benediction; gentle but steadfast souls who travel on unconscious of their mission, and proving every lowliest path in life a path toward heaven. The calm, sweet lives of such, whether abroad upon the highways or blossoming in seclusion like violets, do shed abroad an influence nearer allied to inspiration than any human gift; the weary approaching them find rest and refreshment; they calm the turbulent and cheer the desolate; and, even amidst the repose they love, take care to hoard strength for all the rough emergencies of life.

It is strange that the fairy aunts in old legends, while searching the whole round of impossibilities to find some gift great and blessed enough for the endowment of their children, thought never of this gift, — quietness of heart, —

"Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest."

C. S. W.

"FEED MY LAMBS."

THIS last command of the Saviour must have fallen upon Peter's waiting heart with impressive power, and the fervent Apostle must have felt a new tenderness for the little ones of the kingdom. To him had been given freely of the bread from heaven, and therewith he was to nourish their young souls, that they might grow up into everlasting life. Standing as a leader and guide of the chosen disciples after

the departure of their Lord, how often recurred to him the words of his Master: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs." To every one who stands in Christ's place, as a teacher of the truth, these words should come with like force. Every minister should seek to feed the hungering souls of the lambs of his flock with the bread of life which they so much need. The immortal soul is too precious to be starved on dry husks, or left to eat of forbidden fruit, — there are no times or seasons to which we ought to defer the religious culture of those who are famishing. Because the powers of the mind and body are weak in childhood, they need nutritious and carefully prepared food, that they may thrive and increase in strength; so do the powers of the soul need a healthy and life-giving stimulus for their full perfection. Are we not remiss in this same duty of ministering to the spiritual wants of the young? Do we realize how continually the spirit of God is working upon their tender hearts, and how tremblingly they are asking the way of life? How can we help them in their necessities and satisfy their wants, except by bringing them to Christ, that they may be fed with living bread, and grow by his help into holiness and peace. As a denomination, are we not lacking in earnest efforts to bring the young to Christ? We leave their seeking, yearning souls to grope their way through darkness and neglect to the light of truth, to the clear shining of the "Sun of righteousness."

We are not enough helpers of each other's joys, and so, from our reserve or want of sympathy, lose a mighty help to our own spiritual growth. Where shall the young find their best friends and advisers, if not among those who love the Lord? and where shall they look for communion of spirit, if not to the visible Church of Christ? Shall they whose souls are born of God pass coldly or indifferently by those who are thirsting for the waters of eternal life? Shall not they who have tasted of the Lord's mercy lead others to the fountain whence they are supplied? What is so beautiful in earth or in heaven as the consecration of

the life to God, the laying of the whole body, mind, and heart on his altar as a lowly but free-will offering? and when is this dedication so full of promise and blessing as in the days of early youth? Before cares and burdens have dimmed the fancy or chilled the aspirations, when the firmament above is only full of sunshine, it is cause for angels' rejoicing to see the affections of the young turned from the world to God, and all the present sanctified by the spirit of Christ. These thoughts have been suggested by what I witnessed on the last Sabbath, in a neighboring church,—ten young persons, in the freshness and beauty of opening womanhood, came to the altar and professed their faith in Christ, as the Redeemer of their souls. They were friends and companions, who had been reared in the love of happy homes, and shielded from all external ills. Not more than one, perhaps, had ever tasted the bitter cup of bereavement, and all bright hopes of earth were theirs, and they had come in life's glad spring-time to sit at the feet of Jesus, and, like Mary, obtain the one thing needful. This blessed sight might be more often witnessed, if there were always the same faithfulness and watching for souls as in this case. In our own churches, such a time of general religious interest seldom appears, for we are not seeking the signs of the Spirit's presence, and leave those uncared for who would gladly come to the table of the Lord and be numbered among his disciples. My own heart yearns for those who desire to partake of the sacraments, and yet are not invited to do so by their pastor or others. The true minister of Christ should have so strong a desire to bring them within the ark of the covenant, that no opportunity should be lost, no means untried, to reach the lambs of the household.

No intellectual progress or external advancement can suffice for that church or sect which neglects to feed its lambs with the bread from heaven.

Would that all our ministers and people might be quickened by the Spirit to perceive our most urgent needs for vital growth!

A.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA.

Pulpit Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century. By Rev. HENRY C. FISH. M. W. Dodd. — Doubtless this attractive work may be obtained of all the principal booksellers in the United States, and it will have an extensive circulation abroad. Great numbers of ministers and general readers will hear with lively interest that, for a moderate price, they may have, in a single handsome octavo, fresh, original sermons from the most eminent preachers of Protestant Europe in our day, — Germany, France, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, — from such men of world-wide renown as Tholuck, Stier, Nitzsch, Schaff, the Krummachers, D'Aubigné, the Monods, Coquerel, Melville, Binney, Noel, Caird, Hamilton, Candlish, Buchanan, Whately, A. King, Irving, and Roberts, — together with others from eighteen divines of America. Parishioners will buy this repository of modern Christian eloquence for themselves and their pastors. Pastors will save a pittance to buy it for themselves. It will find a place in public and private libraries everywhere. To those who prize likenesses of public characters, the well-executed engravings alone will possess a value equal to the cost of the volume. A very wide range of theological opinions is represented by the discourses, — Mr. Fish himself, who has originated and carried through the plan at much pains and expense, being a Baptist; he is already favorably and generally known by the other work, which is the natural and fit companion of this, the "History and Repository of Pulpit Eloquence: Deceased Divines." Another element of great worth in the book is Professor Park's Introductory Dissertation, written with force and point, on "The Influence of the Preacher."

Speeches of Henry Clay. Edited by CALVIN COLTON, LL. D. A. S. Barnes & Co. — These two octavos, of which the character and value are sufficiently proclaimed by the title, form part of a series presenting the Life, Correspondence, and public performances of their distinguished subject. The whole work undoubtedly includes whatever is essential to a fair understanding of the place Mr. Clay occupied in the political history of this country, of the qualities of his mind and heart, and of the nature of his services. Of course

it claims a prominent position in every American library, and will meet a respectful attention in other lands. If we take the simplest and most accurate definition of the word "Orator," that term will probably be found more precisely and fully applicable to Mr. Clay than to any other man the nation has produced. He at least belongs to a trio of which Patrick Henry and Edward Everett are the other two. In Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun the qualities of statesmanship, generalization, abstraction, and combination were so much more largely developed, as to make us conscious of a certain impropriety in applying to them the name of orators simply. It does not describe their intellectual greatness, nor their attitude before posterity. So it would probably have been with Hamilton, had he lived longer. No public man in the United States has had warmer partisans or a wider admiration than the eloquent Kentuckian. But, generous and affable and frank and gallant as he was, his moral constitution wanted the true grandeur; and he did not really succeed. There is a lesson in his life and fame.

These fine volumes contain history as well as oratory. And to each of the speeches an introduction is prefixed by the editor, explaining the circumstances, situations, and occasions.

The Diary of an Ennuyée. By MRS. JAMESON. Ticknor and Fields. — This lively sketch of Continental travel and sight-seeing, with manifold criticisms and reflections, not unknown to the literary public already, unfortunately named, (for what can be more tedious than *ennui* itself, save the gossip of a subject of it?) but so named, doubtless, in a sort of defiance that was meant to provoke attention, is made one of the series in "blue and gold."

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Ticknor and Fields. — Only in Old England could this book have been written. It comes out of a fresh, healthy, hearty, genial soul, knowing well how to use the mother tongue, and how to relish the mind's best pleasures. Spirited accounts of "the Browns," racy sketches of boy-nature and boy-experience, sprightly pictures of school life, — almost always thought so kindly and regretfully of after it has gone by, and not thought of at all while it is passing, — accounts of the customs, jokes, traditions, technics, sorrows, and rejoicings of "Old Rugby," that "werry out o' the way place, sir, — fairish hunting country, but slow place,

slow place, — off the main road, you see, — only three coaches a day, and one on 'em a two 'oss wan, more like a hearse nor a coach," — make a very readable, entertaining, and not uninstrusive volume, even for Americans.

Outlines of English History. By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. Hickling, Swan, & Brewer. — The principal events and characters in English history, from the Roman Conquest to the present time, are here briefly and lucidly presented, in the form of a text-book, with careful recapitulations of dates, summaries, and questions.

The Science of Logic: or, An Analysis of the Laws of Thought. By Rev. ASA MAHAN. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. — The title of this book explains its contents. Dr. Mahan has attempted to do what many subtle thinkers, from Aristotle to Archbishop Whately, have tried before him. In many ways he differs from them all. Whether, in his onset against his predecessors, he has succeeded in firmly erecting his own system upon the ruins of theirs, is an open question. It seems to us, that, with a fair degree of learning and a most confident spirit, Dr. Mahan has said some true things: yet in some of the chief ideas that fashion his work his position is very questionable. Perhaps the best way to show his merits and demerits would be to compare this new "attempt at logic" with the calm, clear, and powerful dissertation of that most remarkable thinker of modern Great Britain just referred to. c.

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

The "Sixth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union," in which the retiring President, Mr. Gaffield, touches happily on the pertinent topics connected with the history of that association. — "Homœopathy and Homœopathic Practitioners in Europe," a pamphlet by E. Sanford, M. D. (published by Otis Clapp), giving the results of personal observations abroad, marking the various modifications of the system in the hands of different physicians, — if that term can properly be applied to homœopaths, — and tending to show that the practice is generally advancing in dignity and honor. — "Lunacy treated by Spiritualism," by James John Garth Wilkinson, M. D. (published by Otis Clapp). An ingenious

paper, which will be eagerly sought after by all those who read with avidity, as we confess we do, everything that proceeds from its remarkable author, — irrespective of its doctrine, — the brilliant biographer of Swedenborg, and producer of that extraordinary work of genius, "The Human Body and its Connection with Man," which whoso completely understands, let him be promoted by all the Pharaohs as the arch-interpreter and diviner of divine dreams. — "Key to the Geology of the Globe," by Professor R. Owen, M. D., of Nashville University, (Gould and Lincoln,) treating the subject under its scientific, historical, statical, and ethical aspects, tracing supposed analogies between the organic and inorganic creation, and finally running into discussions of dietetics, health, medicine, and domestic life. — "Address at the First Centenary of the Church of the New Jerusalem," — taking the year 1757 as the inauguration of that church in the world by Emanuel Swedenborg, — by Rev. George Bush, — a sketch of the teachings, aims, and hopes of this interesting body of believers, which we have read through with much sympathy, respect, and gratitude to the author, — calm and trustful in its tone, unobtrusive and catholic in its spirit, and clear in its doctrinal exposition. — "Cosmopolitan Art Journal," quarterly, — containing some agreeable articles, and well illustrated, but wanting elevation and self-respect in its editorial department, as well as compass and power in its discussions, and on the whole very ambitiously named.

"The Faithful Preacher," — an interesting discourse commemorative of the late Rev. D. C. Lansing, D. D., of Brooklyn, by Dr. J. P. Thompson, of New York City. — "Report of the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital." — Rev. Charles Wellington's "Sermon in Commemoration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of his Ordination," in Templeton; a calm and clear record of what has evidently been a conscientious ministry, with references to contemporaneous events. — "The Perfect and Upright Man," an impressive, discriminating, encouraging appeal for a holy life, by Rev. J. I. T. Coolidge, with special allusions to an excellent parishioner just deceased. — "The Principles and Objects of the Massachusetts Medical Society," an earnest, high-toned address before that body, by M. S. Perry, M. D., presenting an elevated and Christian view of the duties and responsibilities of the medical profession, by one of its

most eminent and consistent members. — "The Theatre, a Discourse by Rev. M. D. Conway, delivered in the Unitarian Church, Cincinnati," — a well-meant discussion of an important subject, of which the author's own respect for candor and directness of speech will allow us to say that it appears to us to be quite out of keeping with the special objects of the Christian pulpit, and indeed to contain such errors of statement intermixed with some important and familiar truths, faults of reasoning, distortions of just ideas, and departures from good taste, as to raise a grave doubt whether it should have been delivered anywhere. That conception of a ministry of the Gospel which could admit such a performance under the name of preaching is so distant from our own, that we freely confess we are not in a fit position to appreciate, nor even to criticise, its special points. To take a single example: when we find, as here, in a list of actors and actresses mentioned with approval, the name of a woman whose licentiousness is so inordinate as to be reckoned infamous even by the Parisian standard, and find her described as a messenger of God to the human race, we are left to attribute to the speaker either a great want of information on what he speaks about, or else crudity and confusion of moral principles. Mr. Conway elsewhere rebukes the moral laxities of the stage, and, if we understand his language, characterizes the theatre, after all, as "not a safe place." We agree with him in wishing it might be made safe. *Until it has been made safe*, it does not appear that there can be much mistake in advising people to stay away from it. What is wanted is not to put the consciences of men and women at ease in attending it as it is, but actually to cleanse it of its manifest evils, or at least to show whether its evils can be separated from it without destroying it.